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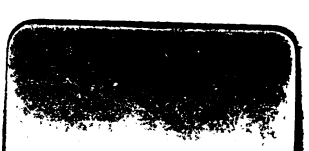
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THE

# BROTHER AND SISTER

AND

# OTHER TALES.

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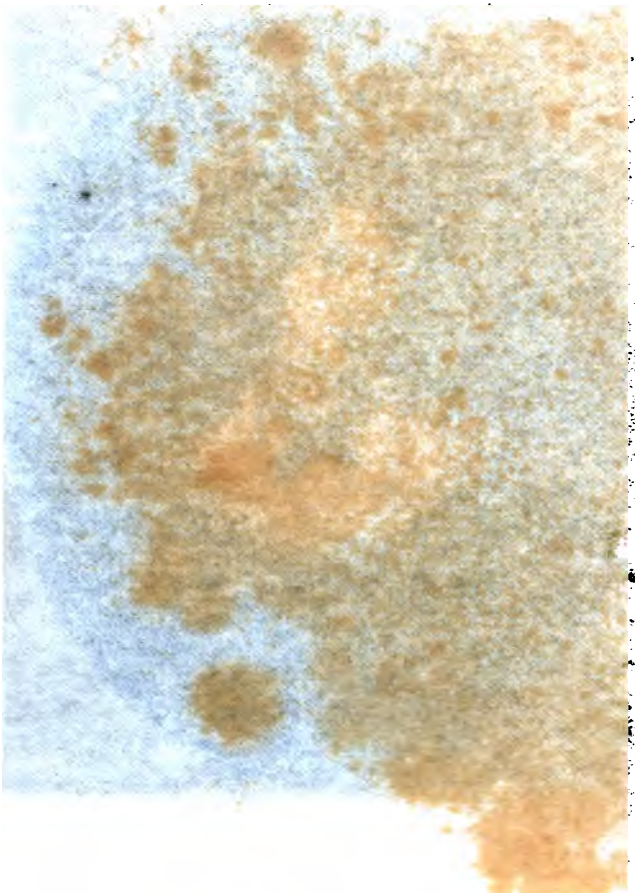
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THE

# BROTHER AND SISTER,

AND

# OTHER TALES.

BY MRS. ELLIS,

AUTHOR OF "IRISH GIRL, AND OTHER POEMS," "MOTHERS OF ENGLAND," "POETRY OF LIFE," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES LANGLEY.

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Misses Emma & Elizabeth Harris

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## PUBLISHER'S PREFACE.

THE following Tales by Mrs. Ellis, have been selected from the Juvenile Scrap Books published in England, the sale of which was so limited, that the present Publisher thought it would be acceptable to the young readers of this country, to have it in a cheaper and more convenient form.

We know of no better mode of introducing the contents of this volume, than by quoting the words of our instructive Authoress: "It is no trifling gratification to be able to send this little messenger of cordial greeting to her young friends in their different homes, assuring them that it bears with it the kind wishes, and deep interest of one who has their happiness at heart.

"Between some of the readers, and the writer of these pages, no other earthly intercourse ever will exist; it is therefore the more desirable that this medium should be associated with pleasurable sensations: not merely that this Book may be a favorite in the library, but that the moral truths it is intended to convey, may be connected with

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happy recollections of fireside enjoyments; and that the recurrence of social pleasure may in its turn remind them, that life is not all a holyday, but that seasons of relaxation are never so truly happy as when they are blended with social and religious duties."

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THE

# BROTHER AND SISTER.

Of all the cottages which stood on the hill-side in the little village of Oakton, that of James Pattison was the most neglected and forlorn, without being absolutely dirty. The little garden at the back, or rather the plot of ground which should have been a garden, was entirely uncultivated, and in the narrower strip before the door, separated from the public road by a broken fence, there was nothing left but a withered and stunted rose-tree, of what the neighbors said, had once been the gayest flower-garden in the whole place. One recommendation however, this habitation possessed over many others in the same village—its door was almost always closed; and, whatever the mistress of the house might be in other respects, she had the singular merit of being almost always at home. Indeed, Mary Pattison was a singular woman altogether, in such a place as the village of Oakton, for she never spoke of her own domestic affairs; and though some of her trials were well known, and often hinted at, by the people of the place, she never lingered about after such hints had been dropped, as if she wanted to say something that would make her appear more pitiable still; but she used to turn instantly away, and walk quietly home,

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or else change the subject by entering at once upon other business.

"Ay, she may keep her troubles to herself," was the frequent observation, as Mary walked down the lane; "but we know what makes her look so pale."

And pale indeed, poor Mary did look, though she wore an old black bonnet drawn so far over her face, that to see her countenance at all was no easy matter; yet the neighbors were accustomed to tell how she was the blithest bride in Oakton, and the prettiest too, when she first came home with James Pattison from her father's house. And a sweet garden she had, and such blooming flowers; and James and she used to be seen late on a summer's evening, tying up the pinks, and watering the balsams, while the scent of their roses and sweetbrier, used to make every one turn as they walked past, to see what could be so full of perfume in a simple cottage-garden like that.

Nor was the cottage within, less inviting than the flower-beds without, and the well-stocked border which ran along the wall. A queen might have sat down in Mary's parlor, without finding a speck of dust upon her clothes; and then that clean fireside and tidy hearth, with the tortoise-shell cat asleep on the outside of the fender, and the cradle for the baby with its snow white counterpane on one side, and the oak table with a large bible in its green baize cover on the other; while opposite the fire, stood the large mahogany table, with its let-down leaves, and the tea-tray reared up against the wall, and polished caddy, a bridal present to Mary, in front! All these, so neatly arranged,

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so polished, and so clean, made up the household picture of the interior of Mary's happy home. Nor should the well-timed handsome clock be forgotten, for it too, had been a wedding present from James Pattison's former master, whom he had faithfully served from his sixteenth year until the day of his marriage. Mary used to say of this clock, it was excellent company when her husband was away, but somehow or other she never heard it either tick or strike after he came home. The fact was, they had so many pleasant things to talk about, they heard nothing but their own voices, or that of the child when it laughed and crowed, and would not go to sleep for very fun and glee.

Yes, they were a happy trio—James, and Mary, and that one child. It would be a difficult and painful task to tell by what slow degrees this happiness melted away, as if it had never been. Yet so it was: and, as we said before, there was not a more wretched looking cottage in the whole village of Oakton, than that of the Pattisons at the time of which we speak. And that frightful looking man, too—was that man ever respectable, or beloved? Yes; and there is a stranger fact in his history than that—he is beloved still. What! that horrid man? Why even his own children are afraid of him, and one hides its head in its mother's apron, and the other buries its face in the handkerchief around her neck, while a third holds up its hands to be taken out of the cradle before he comes near. And yet this man is beloved. He is beloved, because Mary is a true-hearted woman, and she thinks if all the world abhors him, there is the more need for her to be his friend. He is

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beloved, because she prays for him night and morning, and many times during the day, and we naturally love those whom we are in the habit of imploring our heavenly Father to take into his keeping—to reclaim, to purify, and to save.

Whether the pale and haggard appearance of Mary Pattison arose from the sufferings of her mind or her body, was often a subject of curious and not very delicate investigation and comment among her neighbors, and one thing only remained certain—that she never complained; no, though she sometimes went about with her face so muffled up that a black mark upon her cheek could only just be seen, she never told how it had come there; and though she sometimes sat down on the side of her bed, while the children ate their supper of bread and water, that she might not long for the morsels they put into their mouths, she never owned that she knew what it was to be hungry and to have no food, nor sunk down with faintness when a neighbor came in; though she did more than once say to a lady who visited her cottage, that wages were very low, and that she thought one of her children who was ill, would be better with better food.

This was the extent to which Mary Pattison had gone in soliciting assistance; and though her own cheek was hollow, and her eye bright with the fever of want, at the time she spoke, her necessities were stated in terms so much more moderate than the lady was accustomed to hear, that a small basin of gruel now and then for the sick child, was all she thought it right, or even prudent to give. The fact was, that Mary, like many oth-

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er women in her situation, was almost shut out from the sympathies of the charitable, by the character of her husband, who had often been known to pawn his wife's apparel, and his children's bread, to obtain that liquid poison which was destroying him and them.

In this way the children of James and Mary Pattison grew up. William and Patty, who were born before the troubles of their father's house began, seemed to have something of the sunshine of those happier days about them despite their circumstances; while the younger children were fretful, and sickly, and the youngest of all, after months of suffering passed quietly away, and was buried in an early grave.

It was a great object with Mary Pattison to have her children removed, as early as possible, from a home where little was to be learned, and still less enjoyed. Education was out of the question, except so far as her own powers extended in teaching them the earliest rudiments of reading and spelling; for as we have already said, everybody had given them up, under the idea that it was impossible to do any good to a woman who had such a drunken husband, or to children who had so bad a father. So the only hope which Mary had left, was to get them out into active employment as early as possible, and this was exceedingly difficult, because the children themselves had so ragged and forlorn an appearance, that few people liked to have anything to do with them.

It is often said by the rich, and by those who live in plenty, that however poor people are, they may keep their clothes from being ragged; and it

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is also said by the same class of persons, that, however miserable people are, they may still keep themselves and their families clean. We know, however, that there is a state of poverty, and that often to be found in Ireland, if not in our more favored isle, in which the poor are literally so destitute, as to have no materials to mend with; and it would not be difficult to find individuals so abject, and fallen, and devoid of comfort, that they have no hope of obtaining any satisfaction from maintaining the common decencies of life. We find, too, that when hope is restored to such as these, their habits of neatness and order return again, and the natural pride of being respectable, and like their friends and neighbors of the same grade in society, again rouses them to industrious effort, and reinstates them in their own self-respect, as well as in the respect of others.

It is not to be supposed but that many hard things were said of Mary Pattison in relation to the appearance of her children, by those who had well-stocked drawers and closets to go to, when they wanted a tidy piece of stuff or print, to patch up an old frock with; but had they gone into the cottage of the Pattisons, they would have seen that the very drawers themselves were gone. Yes, and the handsome clock too, and the large mahogany table, long ago; and that nothing was left but a wooden stool, round which the children sat when they ate their slices of dry bread. They would have seen, too, that the bed on which they had all slept in their infancy was gone, and nothing but a heap of old clothes and one blanket left in the corner of the room where the bed used to stand. All

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these facts, however, Mary took good care to conceal, by always, as we have observed, keeping her door closed, and by never allowing any curious neighbor to come in and talk, and saunter her time away, as they were accustomed to do in other people's houses, often telling again, to the injury of the owners, what they had seen, or had not seen, there.

It was strange, that amid all this want and desolation Mary Pattison still seemed to care for that one rose-tree, almost the only plant that remained in her garden. It was a poor, frail, sickly-looking thing; and when her youngest baby died, before it was carried to its long home, when it lay so pale and still in its little coffin, while all the other children were playing around, peeping in sometimes, to see if it had not stirred, and growing grave, and whispering as if a sudden awe came over them whenever the cloth was lifted from its little white and withered face; It was strange to see the pleasure Mary seemed to have in plucking from that rose-tree a young half-formed rose, almost as pale as the lifeless form it was intended to be placed beside.

"There is just one left," said Mary, as she snapped the rose from the stem, and with a smile more mournful even than tears, she placed it in the coffin close beside the baby's hand, as if it had been gathering flowers, and had died in the act.

But, to return to the oldest children: They grew, and grew, and looked happy, and almost healthy, in spite of frequent hunger and want. It is true they had kindness and love, from their mother at least, to cherish them; and perhaps it was because



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their hearts and their affections were thus kept warm, that their bodies prospered too. One great reason was, no doubt, because they never heard their mother complain, and children are very apt to think that when other people speak cheerfully, and make the best of things, they are not unhappy at all. The character of their father, it is true, puzzled them a good deal; for, though they were constantly witness to that in him which they knew must be very wicked, they never heard their mother call it so, or speak a word of reproach, or even answer him in an unkind voice, when he was as disgusting and as unreasonable as a drunken man could make himself. Nay, they sometimes almost thought, perhaps it was not in reality so wrong in him as they had been taught to think it in others. At all events, their mother kept such strict silence on this subject, that they learned to be silent too; and, except that the younger children were almost terrified out of their senses when their father gave way, as he often did, to the most violent passions, he was a person whose name was never mentioned in his own family, and whose existence was scarcely alluded to, except as one whose wishes must never be thwarted, whose will must never be crossed, and who was to have everything done to make him comfortable, so far as it was possible for him to be so.

The first hope which Mary Pattison indulged of placing her children out, was from a neighboring farmer, who agreed to take William on trial; and if he found him a useful, likely lad, a prospect was held out that Martha might find a place in the same establishment, as an assistant to the farmer's wife.

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William was now elated beyond measure, not only at the thought of being better clothed, and better fed, but because the occupation proposed to him was exactly in that line for which he fancied he had a particular calling. He, therefore, entered upon his pastoral life with as much real enthusiasm as the sailor feels on first embarking on the sea, or the soldier when he first fastens in his cap the gay cockade with floating ribands. It was, however, a very quiet life, and one in which William soon discovered, that, except when his master was in the field, he might often be idle if he liked, without any one knowing that he was so; and, like many other boys, William was not conscientious enough to do his duty when he was not observed, just the same as when he was. He had, besides, a passion for music, and though the birds sang all day over his head, some of them such sweet and merry songs as might have made any heart rejoice to hear them, William was possessed with the desire to produce some music of his own; and as his voice was somewhat rough and cracked, he set his heart upon purchasing some instrument with which he might amuse himself while tending the sheep on the common, or in the fields.

The first money which William received, therefore—the first actual money which was really his own—he laid by for this purpose; and though he went home in the meantime, and saw how wretched they all looked in his father's cottage, and knew that his mother, his kind mother, was faint and feeble for want of better food, he kept back the small sum he had received from the farmer, simply, as he told Martha when she remonstrated

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with him for doing so, because it was his own, and he had a right to keep it. Still, when he bid his mother good-by, and turned away from the village of Oakton that night, he was not very comfortable in his own mind, though conscious of a sort of greedy satisfaction in not having taken the money with him, because he could say to himself, whenever his conscience pricked him, "I have not got the money, and therefore I could not give it to them if I would."

There is, however, no real happiness in acting a selfish part, whatever we may gain by doing so; while, on the other hand, there is always some enjoyment in being generous, whatever we may lose.

A few days after William's visit to his father and mother, he had an opportunity of laying out his money in the way which he imagined could procure for him more enjoyment than any other. It was all the money he had in the world—all he had ever had—and it is a point of great importance to know how to spend our money, whether it be much or little, in the wisest manner; or, in other words, to do the most good we can with it. William never asked himself whether he was going to do the most good he could with his money. He simply set his mind upon one thing, and, whether right or wrong, was determined he would have it. Need we ask whether William was the only boy who ever did this?

It was at a great cattle-fair held in the neighborhood, where William had the long-wished-for opportunity of making his purchase. The act of going to the fair was not wrong in him, because

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he was sent there by his master, to help to take care of a flock of sheep; and as he was there, he thought he should be foolish, indeed, not to look in among the shops and stalls, where other young people were anxious, like himself, to lay out their money in that which would make them most happy, at least for a time; for it is more than probable, very few of them bestowed a single thought upon whether or not their happiness would last.

Strong as William's determination was to purchase an instrument of music, by which he might delight himself, and, as he imagined, everybody else, he was more than once tempted to deviate from this resolution, by the sight of things which he had never either seen or thought of in his whole life before, and which, therefore, could not have come into his calculations as bearing any comparison with that which he desired so much to buy. It was, however greatly to the advantage of his stability in keeping to his original plan, that he was not long in casting his eye upon the very thing he wanted; and, what appeared to him most lucky, as it does not always occur in the experience of young purchasers, the price was just within his means.

A happy boy was William, therefore, as he trudged home that night, or, at all events, he thought himself so; though he feared he should have no opportunity of practising upon his flagelet before the next day. Tired as he was, however, when he went up to the attic where the servants slept, he sat a good while on the box which contained all his worldly possessions, hoping his companion at the fair would be so soundly asleep, that he might



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try a few notes of his music. With this intention he applied the instrument to his lips, when, though he blew very gently, a sound so shrill and discordant was produced, that he was glad to hide his treasure once more in his box, and jump into bed, before his fellow-servant had growled out a few words of astonishment at what he could possibly be doing.

It was on the following morning that William expected his happiness to be complete; and waking, as the young are apt to do with an indistinct idea that something pleasant had occurred, or was about to occur, he suddenly remembered his flagelet, and, starting out of bed, was in the field, that that day, at least half-an-hour earlier than usual.

"That's right," said the farmer, who was himself an active bustling man, "that's right," he repeated, commending William's industry. "I like to see a young man move briskly in a morning; it's a sign that the evening won't surprise him before his work is done."

William blushed deeply at this compliment, knowing how little it was deserved; and, turning away his head, wished heartily the farmer would go home to his breakfast, and not take the trouble to look at one sheep after another, as if he meant to stay among them all day.

At last the farmer went away, and William, taking good care that he had turned round the corner of the barn which concealed from his view the front of the farmhouse, betook himself to a shady spot, where a cool stream lay as if it were asleep, under the shadow of a lofty and spreading tree, and there taking the flagelet from his pocket, the young

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musician began to sound those notes in which he expected to find the most enchanting music.

Had William not been naturally gifted with what is called an ear for music, he might perhaps have been satisfied with the noise he made—all shrill and discordant as it was—simply because it was his own making; but unfortunately for him, he had a very clear perception that it was not what it ought to be, and in his eagerness to govern the notes so as to make it better, he forgot his flocks, his master, his duty, and everything else. At first this appeared to be of little consequence, for the animals were evidently attracted by a sound so strange and new, especially the dog, who looked up into William's face, as if to see whether he was really in his senses or not. In process of time, however, as the novelty wore off, they all strayed away in different directions, according to their several tastes and inclinations, until the minstrel was left entirely alone, so much so, that not a single bird remained in the trees beside him; the lark ceased to sing over his head, the wood-pigeon hushed its soothing note, and the blackbird and thrush flew away to the cherry-tree in the farmer's garden.

And this was the young shepherd's woodland music. Perhaps, had he been asked, he could not have said that he thought it very sweet; but it was his own, and we fancy there are other minstrels, besides William, who have liked their own discord better than the melody of others.

"I will just try these three notes over again," said William, talking aloud in the height of his enjoyment: they seem to come quite right for the beginning of 'In my Cottage near a Wood.'"

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"Hey-dey! hey-dey! What's all this about?" exclaimed the rough voice of the farmer, as he looked over the hedge; while William stood still as if rooted to the spot, and evidently too much appalled by a sense of his delinquency, to venture a single word in his own defence.

"Here, give that gewgaw thing to me," said the farmer, stretching out his arm.

William dared not make the least resistance, and, placing the slender instrument in the hand of his master, he had the mortification of seeing it snapped in two, and deposited in one of his wide pockets, as if not deserving of another thought.

"Now fetch back the sheep," said the farmer, lifting up the riding-whip which had been held under his arm, "and see to it that I don't find you after any of this kind of nonsense again. I suppose that was your fairing, and if your place had been in the cornfield, to scare away the birds, it might have done very well, for I was nearly frightened myself as I came up the lane. But I'll tell you what, my boy, I would rather have seen you bring home some nuts or some gingerbread for your little sisters, or half a pound of tea for your mother, than such an empty piece of folly as that."

William had been too much accustomed, from his childhood, to disappointment of almost every kind, to make a heart-breaking matter of what had passed; yet he felt deeply the reproach which his master's words conveyed, for it had never once occurred to him, in his whole life, to think that he was of a selfish disposition. He knew that he hated selfishness in others; but this the selfish always do, because it robs them of many chances

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of self-indulgence, at the expense of their friends; and William implicitly believed, that, if an opportunity should ever occur to him of acting with generosity, especially toward his mother, that he should do so without hesitation. He did not know, what is really the truth, that the generous have always opportunities of being so, and that one of the great points of difference between them and the selfish, is, that the latter are always thinking they can not, or do not, find occasions on which it would be possible to act with generosity.

So well upon the whole did William Pattison suit the master whom he served, that his sister Martha was, in process of time, engaged by the farmer's wife as a sort of under-help—a servant of servants—to be employed in the house, or in the fields, as the exigences of either might require. Although Martha was in herself a brisk and tidy little person as ever had set foot in the farmer's kitchen, it had been a difficult matter to get her so dressed as to render her appearance respectable, even there; and had not the kindness of her mistress advanced a few old clothes on her behalf, out of which her mother managed to make some which looked almost as good as new, it is probable that no step of promotion from the wretchedness of her father's home would ever have been hers to enjoy.

As William had his fault, already named, and perhaps many more besides, so Martha had hers, and it was chiefly discoverable in her high opinion of herself, of her own cleverness, and of the position she was calculated to fill. Thus, though her situation was, above all others, one which sub-

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jected her to familiarity and disrespect from her fellow-servants, among whom she was the youngest and the latest comer; she nevertheless held up her head among them with astonishing self-possession; and a very pretty head it was, somebody told her one day, as she tossed it back with a more conceited air than usual, only there was a danger of its being completely turned.

Mary Pattison, broken-spirited as she was herself, was almost as much surprised as grieved to see these indications of vanity in a daughter, "who," as she said, "one would have thought, might have had enough to humble her;" and many and frequent were the lessons of humility which she sought to impress upon the mind of her child.

"You should remember, Patty," she would often say, "that we are not to be holding up our heads in the world like other people, or at least like those who have no stain upon their family, and their name. As for myself, if they were to make me queen of England, I could not wear a crown, while—while"—

Mary was unable to finish the sentence which trembled on her lips, and she was equally unable to make Martha understand how her own pride brought painful and unnecessary remarks upon her father, and upon her family altogether; for if there be anything low or mean connected with an individual, nothing is so likely to make every one remember, and speak of it unkindly, as to see them haughty in their conduct, and evidently thinking much of themselves; while in those who are meek and lowly, and respectful in their own conduct, any family disgrace is apt to be forgotten, or spo-

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ken of with gentleness and moderation for their sakes.

Thus Martha Pattison heard many a bitter taunt thrown out against her father, which might have been avoided; and even her poor mother was not altogether exempt from reflections, in which it is the peculiar misfortune of every wife to share, who is faithful to a bad husband.

"Oh, that anything could make my father better!" Martha often used to exclaim in secret, with a feeling of mingled impatience and mortification. How different from that of her uncomplaining mother! Martha would have had her father forcibly restrained, shut up, or at any rate kept out of sight. She knew not what it was to pray for him, for years; for years to find him growing worse, instead of better, and to pray still; for as Mary used to say in her heart—"I will never give him up. It is all I can do for him now, therefore as long as I have breath I will pray for him, and not cease."

It happened one day, when William and Martha had not been home to visit their friends for a long time, that the man who occasionally brought letters and newspapers to the farmhouse, took out one, on the back of which he read the name of Martha Pattison; and while a murmur of curiosity ran among the other servants, Martha herself came blushing forward, not a little gratified to know she was of such importance, that the postman—a person holding a public office, and paid no doubt by the king—should carry for her especial benefit, a letter with her own name full-grown upon the cover.

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Now, whatever Martha Pattison found in herself to be proud of, it was quite impossible for her to be proud of her scholarship, her pretensions to learning were so very small. Still she could both read and write a very little, and therefore she preferred spelling out her letter herself, rather than submitting it to the anxious curiosity of the other servants. For this purpose, therefore, she took it with her when she went to feed the calf, which had already begun to call loudly for its expected meal, even before she had deciphered so much as her mother's name at the bottom of the sheet; and before a smart reprimand from her mistress had sent her into the outhouse, where the calf was kept, with more speed than was quite consistent with the dignity which the act of receiving a letter seemed, in her opinion, to impart. Even in this outhouse, Martha felt that her importance need not be altogether lost sight of. So she placed herself with her back toward an open window, and holding up the letter to a level with her eyes, took care that all who looked that way should have an opportunity of seeing that the little maiden had received a letter, and that she could read it too.

It was not long, however, before a more eager and earnest expression came over Martha's face, as, syllable by syllable, she spelled out her mother's meaning, and at last crumpling the letter up in her hand, she flew through the open door, leaving it more open still; and, without once thinking whether the calf was likely to escape, or what mischief might be the consequence if it did, she stopped not until reaching the field where her brother had driven his master's sheep, when she

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began to call to him as soon as ever she had cleared the stile, though he was distant at least a quarter of a mile, and though her voice, from the breathless speed with which she had run, was scarcely more audible than that of a little bird in its nest.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed William, when Martha, making the most of her panting, declared she could not tell him—that it was quite impossible—that she was almost killed with running so fast, and a great many other things about her own feeling, when, as William said, she might just as well have given him the letter at first, and have kept all that nonsense to herself.

Even when the letter was fairly placed in her brother's hand, Martha was not willing to relinquish her share in the surprise she knew he would feel in its contents; but looking over his shoulder, she added her orthography to his, not unfrequently supplying him with a word from a different line, when he seemed to be particularly at a loss with the one he was upon. By this method of making out its meaning, the letter turned out altogether a very different affair from what it had promised to be at first, and each time it was gone over, it was still unlike the last. Upon the principle of two heads being better than one, the brother and sister did, however, in process of time, make out something between them, and that something was so satisfactory, that they had enough both to talk about, and to think about, for one day at least.

"Only think of poor old Uncle George being dead," said Martha.

"And having left us the money, after all," added William.



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"We shall all have to go into mourning," observed Martha. "But see! William, what is this? Mother says father has taken something, and is quite an altered man, and that home is so comfortable now."

"What can he have taken," exclaimed William, "to make him better? I always thought what he took made him worse. Let me see, Martha, what it is."

It was a thing quite new to both. "Temperance," they could, by much painstaking, make out, but "pledge" was a word they could neither understand nor pronounce, until, by comparing it with hedge, they got hold of something which they thought would do, at least so far as to ask the other servants about; and Martha consequently trudged back to the house, her mind more than filled with the tidings conveyed by her mother's letter.

A severe reprimand for allowing the calf to escape, and then for absenting herself, was the first salutation she met with there; but even this was arrested in its violence by the information she was not backward to impart, that her family had had money left them. Some of the servants, however, perhaps a little more envious than the rest, affected to sneer at the uselessness of money to the family of such a man as James Pattison; when Martha, blushing with indignation, declared that her father was no longer the man he used to be—that he had taken the temperance pledge, and was now as respectable as any person's father.

At these words, so loud a laugh burst from the bystanders, that Martha stood astonished, not knowing what to think, and afraid she had cast the

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credit of her family into deeper shade than before. "Temperance pledge, indeed!" said the men, who were coming in to their dinner; and, seating themselves on the bench alongside of the kitchen-table, they quaffed their accustomed draughts of beer, turning occasionally to William, with some rude jest upon his father's temperance, and then laughing again, as if the poor man had been guilty of the most egregious folly.

All this was very hard both for William and Martha to bear, more especially when the farmer himself undertook to explain to them what the temperance pledge was, by saying it was a vow extorted from poor men that they would never again drink either ale, or beer, or anything stronger than cold water; "and all is a system," he added, "got up by a mean set of fellows, the enemies of their country, who would deprive the working man of that which gives him strength, and lay waste the barley land, and reduce the farmer to nothing. I'll tell you what, my boy, if I thought you would ever be brought over to that nonsense, I would pay you off to-morrow."

"No fear of me," said William, applying the can to his lips; and, with a murmur of applause, the company rose up from table.

All this was not only hard, but strange, to Martha—strange beyond her powers of comprehension, that that which had made her father respectable, and her mother happy, should be spoken of in such terms; yet convinced, by what she heard from the whole family, that the temperance pledge must be a very mean and disgraceful sort of thing, and not only mean, but wicked, if it really did hurt

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the country so much, Martha determined to say no more about it, but to keep her own counsel, until the day of her uncle's funeral; on which occasion, it had been promised to her and William, that they should go home the night before, when, she doubted not, all these seeming contradictions would be clearly explained.

A happy couple were the brother and sister, as they walked along the fields that night toward the village of Oakton, for the uncle who was dead had never been known to them, and, like many other of their relatives, had been induced, by their father's misconduct, to withhold from them that assistance which the circumstances of the children so urgently demanded. Thus the small property bequeathed to them, came, in their opinion, rather as a right than a favor, and thus the conversation with which they beguiled their evening's walk of its length, was not tinctured with any of the sadness which the loss of a relative more intimately known, would have occasioned.

At the stile nearest to the village, William and Martha found a group of little faces peeping at them through the hedge, and a full burst of home-tidings was soon poured forth, from lips unused to tell of pleasant things connected with their own fireside.

"Father is all right," said one. "We are never frightened of him now," added another: and thus the little party went on; each talking and telling as much as they could, and at the same time running round in front of William and Martha, to look up into their faces, that nothing of the good effect of their intelligence might be lost.

"There's father!" exclaimed the youngest,

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clapping his hands in a perfect ecstacy of delight; when, suddenly recollecting himself, he turned, and speaking in an under tone to the rest.— "Hush! hush!" said he, "mother says we are not to speak a word how father is now, or take any more notice than if he had always been good and kind. But I must run to him," he added, bounding off like a young deer; and in another moment he was caught up in the arms of his delighted father, and pressed to his bosom with a fondness which none of his younger children had ever known, until the happy change which had so recently taken place.

"Is that my father?" said Martha, turning round, and whispering to a little girl who held her hand.

"Oh, yes," replied the child, answering also in a low but earnest whisper. "He looks always in that way now; but don't mention it," and she put her finger up to her lip, to enforce her charge.

"And my mother?" asked Martha.

"Oh! mother is so happy!" said the child, actually jumping from the ground as she uttered these words, as if to indicate the lightness of heart which her mother now enjoyed, and to which she had so long been a stranger.

Well might the children say of their mother, that she was happy; for when Mary Pattison came to the door that night, to welcome in her son and daughter, her heart was too full for words; and leaning her head upon her husband's shoulder, she covered her face with her apron, and burst into tears.

"It is not sorrow," said she, as soon as her sobs allowed her to speak, "I am so glad to see you all;



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but—but I am too happy to-night. I can not tell you what I feel."

"Never mind, dear," said James, taking the apron from her hand, and wiping off the tears which trickled down her cheeks; "I will tell all. It is fitter for me than for you. So sit down, children, and before we talk of anything else, I will explain to you all that has happened, to make this great, this happy change."

The children now sat down in the little room, which had already begun to look as neat as in former days; and Mary, still leaning on her husband's shoulder, took the infant in her arms, and hushed it to sleep, while its father spoke.

He was beginning with a description of his past life, for he felt it his duty to lay all his conduct bare before his children, when Mary interrupted him by saying, "We know all that, James. There is no occasion to go so far back."

"Ah! yes," said James, sighing deeply, "you know it, I dare say, too well. I had forgotten what cause you all had to know it."

"I did not mean that," said Mary, looking imploringly in his face. "Go on with it all, if you like, I can bear it now. Only there is no good in reminding the children."

"True, true," observed her husband, and he then went on with his story.

"Perhaps," said he, addressing himself to William and Martha, "you have heard of such a thing as a temperance society."

"Indeed we have," replied the Brother and Sister, exchanging looks with each other.

"And what have you heard about it?" asked their father.

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'Nothing good," they both replied again.

"Perhaps you do not understand what it is," observed their father, "shall I explain it to you?"

"If you please," said Martha, looking rather contemptuously.

"A temperance society," resumed James Pattison, "consists of a number of persons who agree together to give up every kind of intoxicating drink, in order that their habits, by continuing to take such things immoderately, may not bring temptation before those who are too weak to resist it. You know that persons differ very widely in their constitutions, as well as in their inclinations; and the same quantity of intoxicating liquid which one man can take without any danger, will sometimes make another quite foolish, or worse. As soon therefore as he begins to be silly, it is a proof that he is losing his reason; and having lost that, he does not care what he does, or what becomes of him. The only safe plan therefore, for persons thus inclined, is never to take anything of the kind at all."

"But why can not intemperate people," asked William, "take this pledge, without others putting the same restraint upon themselves?"

"Because," replied his father, "the temperance society would then be a very disgraceful one, if composed only of those who had been almost lost characters; and those who were not so bad, or who were only just beginning to find out their weakness, would not like to join it on account of the disgrace. But thanks be to our friends, and thanks be to the Father of all mercies for putting it into their hearts, they have now formed them-

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selves into a respectable society, composed of members, many thousands of whom have never transgressed the bounds of moderation, and with whom there can therefore be no disgrace, and no shame in uniting.

"But I will speak of facts, and then perhaps you will understand me better. You know what a temperate woman your poor mother has been. Well, you know too that once a fortnight, when she went out to wash at Squire Granby's, they used to give her a bottle of spare table beer to bring home with her, and that the day after the wash, she used to sit down to her dry bread, with a draught of this beer, which made her stronger, we fancied, for a day or two afterward; though she always argued with me, that she felt more tired on that day than any other, but supposed it was the wash. Now, when I saw your mother drinking the beer, more especially when I tasted it with her, I confess to you it always set me off wanting more; and I believe there was hardly a day when I did so, that I did not finish at the public house. Well, we heard of these temperance societies. There was to be a meeting held in this place, and I, like many others, went to make mischief, and to put down the speaker; for we thought, as we had been told, it would ruin the country, and that it was a hard and cruel thing to deprive the working man of his beer. What then was my surprise, to find that instead of being hard upon any one, the intention of this society was all kindness—kindness to the poor drunkard—to the outcast—to me; and I declare to you, my dear children, that, so long had it been since I had

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heard the words of pity and kindness from any human being except my poor wife, so accustomed had I been to be shunned and despised, and even insulted, by all my acquaintance, that while I stood, and listened to that speaker, the tears trickled down my face as if I had been a child, and I knew not, and cared not, who saw them.

"This, however, was not all. When the speaking was done, one came forward and signed, and then another, and none of them, I believe, were persons who were under the least temptation themselves; but, as I said before, they did it out of kindness to those who were, that their habits and their example might not be the means of leading them into sin."

"And did they all make a solemn vow?" asked William.

"No," replied the father; "it is a great mistake, to think the temperance pledge is a vow extorted from people without their own desire. It is purely voluntary; and they make no vow at all, only write their names in a book, by which it is understood they sign a declaration that they will not drink any kind of intoxicating drink, nor be the means of inducing others to do so. If, after this, they fall under temptation, or change their minds, as many do, they can at any moment have their names crossed out of the book, when they will again be free to do as they think best.

"But to return to my story.—I was watching the people who came up to sign, and who should I see among them, but my poor wife, so thin and pale, and such a hand! it was like the hand of a skeleton, when she held it out to take the pen.—

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'And this poor woman,' said I, 'is going to give up her little portion of beer, the only thing comfortable she ever gets, aud that which she gets for nothing; yet, this she is going to give up for my sake!' I never shall forget what I felt at that moment. I think my senses left me. But whether mad or not, I walked straight up to the table, and took the pen from the hand of my wife, who stood back like one before whom a grave had opened and given up its dead. Indeed, they all stood back, and little children pulled their mothers' gowns, and yet there was such a silence you might have heard the beating of a heart. It was done, however, and hard as it was to keep my resolution at first, I have never broken it since; and blessed be the Power that makes every duty light, it becomes easier and easier to me every day.

"And now, my dear children," said the father, after a short pause, "I want to know whether you will join me in the resolution I have made. I want no hasty decision. I give you at least a day to consider of it. To-morrow we have the duties of the funeral to attend to. Before another night you will have had a better opportunity of seeing how you like your new home, for new indeed it is, in its decency, its comfort, and its peace."

The proposition which James Pattison made to his children, notwithstanding the altered character of their home, was more trying to the two elder ones than might have been expected, simply because it interfered with the selfishness of the one, and the vanity of the other.

"We shall be so laughed at," said Martha, "when we go back to the farm."

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"That would not trouble me," said her brother; "but I don't like to give up my own beer, because other people take too much."

"I don't think the temperance society *is* very respectable either," observed Martha.

"I am quite sure the beer does *me* good," responded her brother, "whatever it may do to others."

And thus the Brother and Sister argued, until they grew stronger and stronger in their inclination to do what they still believed was not right. And so the day passed on without their having come to any decision at all, for neither their father nor their mother wished in the least to persuade them to take the temperance pledge, unless their hearts went along with what they did. At last the evening came, and the family all sat down again, as they had done the night before, and William and Martha felt very uncomfortable, because they had not yet made up their minds, and they were to leave at a very early hour the next morning. It is true they had seen much that day to induce them to think favorably of the change which had been wrought in their parents' circumstances. They had seen their garden cultivated, their table supplied with plenty, their mother smiling, grateful, and happy, their father clothed and in his right mind, and their little brothers and sisters playing about without fear; yet the hardness of their hearts remained, and one thought he could not give up his indulgence, and the other that she could not bear to be despised.

Instead of questioning his children about their intentions, James Pattison took the family bible—

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almost the only relic of better days which had remained unsold, and opening at the parable of the prodigal son, he read it through in a distinct and feeling manner; after that he turned to that epistle, in which the apostle says, "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no more while the world stands."

"Now, my children;" said he, in a broken, but yet earnest voice, "I wish to begin the habit of family prayer. It is not fit that I, who have so long disgraced myself and my family, should lift up my voice in supplication before you; but there is one who has often prayed in secret for you and me, and for her sake, rather than my own, I believe she has at last been heard.

Mary was not backward to comply with her husband's wishes. It was what she had often desired to do; but modesty had kept her silent. Now, however, she hesitated no longer; but poured out from her full heart such an appeal as her children had never heard; and while they almost wondered whether it was their own meek and quiet mother, to whom they listened, they thought how severe must have been her sufferings, and how deep her gratitude, to call forth such language from one who was so little accustomed to speak, of which she felt.

When this solemn but simple service was ended, a little girl who was next in age to Martha, came forward. She was a delicate and sickly child, and had suffered much from a blow inflicted by her father some years before, when he was not the master either of his own passions, or his own powers. From long acquaintance with privation

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and pain, this little girl had acquired a serious and almost sorrowful look; and with this peculiar expression she now looked up into her father's face, and asked him for the book.

"What book?" said he.

"The book to sign the pledge," replied the little girl. "Mother will guide my hand, and I can write my name quite well."

The father was for sometime unable to speak, but dashing a tear from his eyes, "My poor child," said he, "thou art the only one of my family, whom my brutal violence has really injured, yet thou art the first to come over and help me in my weakness."

"Where is the book?" said the child, still intent upon her purpose. "Give me the pen. Now mother hold my hand. Father shall never have to say, that none of his children would help him to be a better man. Doctors may say what they will about wine and ale being good for me, but I am sure it can never be right for me to take what has done my father so much harm, and made you my mother so wretched as you were."

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say, that the name of this little girl was not the only one added to the temperance list that night. William and Martha were unable to resist the force of an example so powerful, and they never afterward regretted that they had taken the temperance pledge.



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## TRUE GREATNESS.

"MOTHER," said Henry Ashton, a thoughtful-looking boy of fourteen, "I wish you would tell me what is meant by true greatness."

"You have asked me a comprehensive and difficult question," replied his mother, "but it is one so worthy of your utmost attention, that I will endeavor to assist you in investigating the subject for yourself, rather than adopt the method your brother likes so much better, of simply telling you what I think, and then leaving your thoughts to wander at will to any other subject."

"One gets quicker over things in that way," observed his younger brother Frederic, a little ashamed of so direct a reference to himself.

"You may well call it getting over things," observed Mrs. Ashton, "for your way of proceeding is very much like that of the farmer who should walk over his fields of corn, instead of reaping their produce, and storing it up for after use."

"No, mother," said Frederic, "you can not compare it to anything so bad as that, for the farmer injures his corn by treading it down."

"And if you," replied his mother, "do not exactly injure all the subjects you get over so quickly, you injure your own powers of thinking."

"How so?" asked Frederic, in some astonishment.

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"Have you never noticed," continued his mother, "that those persons who will not take the trouble to think to any purpose, grow weary of everything, and finally weary everybody else by their emptiness and discontent."

"But," interrupted Frederic, "as soon as they find time to think, or a subject worth thinking about, they can do so at any time."

"No, no," replied his mother, "you are greatly mistaken there; we are all the creatures of habit, and a man who has never taken the trouble to think in the season of youth, can no more do so when arrived at middle life, than he who has kept his bed until the age of forty can rise up and make a pleasant excursion on foot to any place he chooses to visit. Besides which, the power of thinking is not merely given us to serve as pastime for the present moment. It is a power, every effort of which has reference to the future, for by the habit of thinking in youth, we lay up treasures for old age."

"Oh, dear!" said Frederic, heaving a deep sigh, as if the effort were a great deal too hard for him to make, or, as if old age were a very long way off, and a sort of thing he did not feel himself at all called upon to contemplate just then.

"I have one more remark to make," observed his mother, "and then we will return, if you please, to the subject with which we began."

"And think about it, I suppose, until dinner-time," interrupted Frederic.

"That will be as you are disposed," replied his mother, "for, mind me, I can not compel you to think; I can only advise, and entreat you, to cul-

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tivate this one faculty of your nature, which, above all others, distinguishes you from the brute creation. But I was going to observe, that persons who will not take the trouble to think to any purpose, are always weary, and uninterested, for this simple reason: that having glanced slightly over many subjects without examining one, nothing is new to them, nothing is fresh and enlivening and full of interest to them, as it is to persons who have made use of their own minds."

Frederic now looked up into his mother's face with an expression of inquiry, for this very freshness and interest was what he was perpetually in search of; and he thought, as many foolish and mistaken persons do, that it was only to be found in a rapid succession of subjects, instead of in—what is one of the grand secrets of human life—making the most of a few.

It was well for Henry Ashton, both as a present and a future good, that he was a thoughtful boy; for he could thus amuse himself with his own reflections, while such discussions as the above were going on between his mother and Frederic; and before they had arrived at any settled conclusion upon the subject at present under consideration, he had taken up the picture of a shepherd-boy reclining on a grassy bank; and if his secret thoughts had been examined, it is more than probable he would have been convicted of a wish to be himself reclining on the banks of that flowing stream, while his peaceful flocks were grazing by his side, or wandering unheeded on the distant hills.

"I am constantly under the necessity of steer-

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ing between two difficulties," Mrs. Ashton was accustomed to say; "I have one son who thinks too much, or rather who mistakes musing for thinking, and another who will not think at all. Thus, while I do my utmost to engage the attention of the latter, the former is giving up his mind to some day-dream of his own, neither profitable to himself nor others; while, if I endeavor to interest him so as to excite him to useful action, the other has probably escaped from me altogether, and is either at the top of the cherry-tree over my head, or running races with his dog across a neighboring field. How clever," the good lady used to add, "must those people be, who keep schools, and manage all the young gentlemen at once, by the same rule, even to the number of eighty or a hundred! No wonder the march of intellect goes on so rapidly among us."

"You have not yet told us," said Henry Ashton, "what is true greatness, and I almost think I know."

"Let me hear your opinion, then," said his mother, "and that may help me to a clearer explanation of my own."

"I think," said Henry, still gazing at the picture of the shepherd-boy, "that true greatness consists in living separate from the vulgar things, as well as the vanities of the world, and in thinking only of what is high, and beautiful, and sublime."

A loud laugh from Frederic Ashton put an end to his brother's explanation of true greatness.

"You have done it now, Henry," said he; "if you mean that true greatness consists in lying upon a bank all day, with one's eyes cast up to the

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clouds, and never going home to eat one's dinner, or make one's self comfortable, no wonder there are so few people truly great. According to your notions, whatever they might be in mind, they would be little enough in body. Look here, Henry."

And the boy threw himself, as quick as lightning, upon the green lawn, in the attitude of the shepherd, and casting up his eyes, looked as solemn and as contemplative as it was possible for him to look under any circumstances. With a movement as rapid, he was again upon his feet, and, dashing his hand with what he considered a masterly stroke, upon that part of the picture where a warrior clad in armor was to be seen—"That's the fellow for me!" he exclaimed, while, retreating a few paces, and flourishing his father's walking-stick in the air, he put himself in the attitude of a warrior about to rush upon his foe.

Accustomed to this kind of bravado, Mrs. Ashton and Henry took little notice of a performance which had about as much to do with what to them was true greatness, as the death-blow of the pup pet has with the stroke by which a hero dies.

"If, my dear Henry," said his mother, "the occupation of your shepherd is supposed to consist of mere musing, of that dreamy sort of meditation upon the blue sky and sailing clouds, which has no reference to anything upon this earth, or the duties which devolve upon us as its inhabitants, I must say that I think the result upon character and conduct, in such a case, would be far indeed removed from that which is truly great. But if, as in the case of Sir Isaac Newton, you suppose him

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to be engaged in contemplating, with the eye of a philosopher, the great and glorious universe around him, not only with regard to its vastness and its beauty, but to the simple *how* and *why* of everything it contains, then I agree with you, that any one, though a shepherd, may still be a great man.

"Truly great, I suppose you mean," observed Henry.

"You mistake me there," replied his mother. "To be truly great, involves principles beyond the laws of matter, and which I should scarcely reckon under the head of philosophy, as that word is most frequently applied."

"But what did Sir Isaac Newton do? or what did he discover?" asked Frederic, "when he spent his time reclining upon a bank, with his eyes cast up to the clouds?"

"I am not quite sure," replied his mother, "in what attitude he was placed, or upon what object his eyes were fixed, when the first idea of gravity, as the cause of the celestial motions, was presented to his mind; but it is said of him, that he was sitting alone in a garden, and that the fall of an apple to the ground was the cause of the first spark being applied to that train of ideas, reflections, and calculations, the results of which are described by his biographer, in speaking of one of his works, as being 'memorable, not only in the annals of one science, or one country, but such as will form an epoch in the history of the world, and will ever be regarded as the brightest page in the records of human reason.' Sir Isaac Newton, too, you may possibly remember, was at this time situated on a farm in Lincolnshire, where the daily

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movements of the sun were often traced upon the humble walls and roofs of the buildings he frequented; while, by means of pins and lines, he indicated the hours and half hours of his rude dials; and though his ostensible employment was then tending cattle, and going to the market at Grantham, he was often found studying mathematics under a hedge, or gleaning fragments of science from old books, collected out of a garret to which he had access. Thus, therefore, we may say of Sir Isaac Newton, that he was great in what he accomplished, not only because his aims and objects were great, but because the difficulties were great which stood in his way; and he deserves a still higher tribute of praise, because he was also great in his simplicity."

"Great in his simplicity?" exclaimed Frederic. "That *is* more than I shall ever comprehend."

"My dear boy," replied his mother, "I hope you will understand this expression sometime, because it refers to one of those principles of which I have already spoken, as being essential to *true* greatness. There can never be real simplicity of heart, where there is not some degree of meekness; and the only meekness worthy the name of a virtue, consists in an habitual sense of the nothingness of the creature, compared with the Creator."

"I am beginning to understand you better," said Henry, looking more thoughtful than before; and while a blush, which his brother thought very ridiculous and unmanly, rose to his cheek, he drew from his portfolio a sheet of paper upon which he had scribbled some verses of his own, which he

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proposed to read to his mother, if Frederic would not laugh, or if he would do—what to him would be very much more agreeable—if he would run out and play.

On no account, however, would Frederic run out and play just then, though at another time it would have been the thing he liked best in the whole world; but, rubbing his hands together as evidently expecting some excellent sport, and lifting first one foot up, and then the other, as if in the act of running, without its speed, but simply because he was too impatient to stand still—"Come, let us have it," he cried, "let us have it;" and he clapped his hands, as if encouraging his dog to run faster than the rabbit, of which it was in full chase.

Under these inauspicious circumstances, Henry cleared his voice, and began. His verses ran as follows:—

### THE HERMIT'S HOME.

The Hermit's home is lonely,
Hid in the mountain cave,
No roof to shield his hoary head,
No sheltering boughs to wave.

No birds to sing their summer song,
When lengthening days begin;
No stars to glitter in his sky,
When evening closes in.

No welcome from the household band
Of brothers, sisters, friends;
No smile of childhood's happiness
Its cloudless sunshine lends.

The Hermit's home is lonely,
For pain and penance meet;

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The rock his couch, his pillow cold
The stone beneath his feet—

He asks no more: the downy bed,
The gold-embroidered vest,
The sparkling bowl, were all to him
But idle toys at best.

The Hermit's home is silent,
No sound disturbs its calm;
No echo, but the voice of prayer,
His weary bosom's balm.

The Hermit seeks no passing change,
To bring his thoughts relief;
No tidings ever reach his ear
Of human joy or grief.

The world is all shut out—and, free
From every sordid pain,
He folds that sacred page, and reads—
Then thinks, and reads again.

Thus glide the hours, from early morn
Till evening closes round;
When low the Hermit bends his knee
Upon the cold damp ground.

While turning to that crucifix
Above the whitening scull,
With feelings deep, and hopes sublime,
His fervent heart is full.

Oh! holy man, and blest as good,
No grovelling cares are thine:
Teach me—oh teach me how to make
Thy hopes and pleasures mine!

Henry Ashton read these verses with a good deal of trembling hesitation, on account of what he was quite sensible might justly be called their want of merit as a poetical composition; but not at all on account of their want of right sentiments,

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or just views of the highest aim of man's existence; and when he raised his eyes to his mother's countenance, it was in the hope that she would forget her criticisms of his poetry, in her approbation of his sentiments; while Frederic, who had listened more attentively than might have been expected of him, was occupied with neither. His ear had been caught only by the sound; and his brother being a pretty good reader, he was really struck with admiration of the extreme cleverness by which so many lines could be made to rhyme —"though," said he, snatching up the paper to examine it again, "you have only made two lines in a stanza fit together, after all, I see."

"Well, mother?" said Henry at last, obliged to anticipate the observation of Mrs. Ashton.

"Well, son," she replied, smiling; "you must not expect me to tell you to-day what I think of your verses as a composition. That will do for a discussion on poetry itself; and I am afraid you will think me rather unfeeling, when I differ from you so much in sentiment, as to say I am apprehensive your hermit would be a very useless sort of person; and as such, very far from being truly great."

"I am glad you think so," exclaimed Frederic, clapping his hands again. "I was quite sure you would; for what greatness can there be in leading this kind of a hole-in-the-wall life, eating herbs, and munching acorns, and sitting on a stone from morning till night. I knew my mother would say there was no greatness at all in this."

"Greatness there may be," observed Mrs. Ashton, "though scarcely in the character you give to

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it. There may be greatness, inasmuch as this kind of life is calculated to lead the thoughts out of the trivial and vulgar occupations of every-day existence, and, if under the influence of religion, to fix them upon heavenly and eternal things; but still there is a higher greatness than this, which, while it is equally exalted above all that is vulgar, gross, or mean in itself, has reference to the happiness of others, and to the well-being of the community at large."

"Oh, now I understand you," said Henry, with some appearance of disappointment, "you mean those people who make great discoveries, and take out patents, and get their names up as wonderful men."

"My mother means no such thing," said Frederic, interposing. "She means those fine high-spirited fellows who go out on adventures."

"Such as Sir Walter Raleigh, I suppose," said Henry.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed his brother; "that was a hero after my own heart."

"You have, indeed," said Mrs. Ashton, "fixed upon an individual who possessed almost every requisite for true greatness. Enlightened in his understanding, intrepid in his natural temperament, he had the experience of prosperity to encourage what was adventurous and bold in his character, and of adversity to strengthen and confirm what was good. Granting, then, that he was a great man in almost every sense of the word, perhaps you will tell me at what period of his life he proved himself the greatest."

"At that celebrated period," said Frederic, with-

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out a moment's hesitation, "when he cast his mantle on the ground for the greatest of all queens to tread upon."

"Why so?" inquired Mrs. Ashton.

"Because," said Frederic, rising into an attitude of great dignity, "it must have been so great to have caught the eye of his sovereign just then, with all her ladies and all her courtiers standing round about, and envying him the notice that graceful act obtained."

"Your reasoning," observed Mrs. Ashton, smiling, "is not very conclusive. You tell me Sir Walter Raleigh must have been great at a particular moment of his life, because it was *so* great to do as he did just then."

"I do not think I remember the circumstance exactly," said Henry; "perhaps you will relate it to us again."

"You remember, of course," said Mrs. Ashton, "that it was in the early part of Sir Walter's life, before he had risen into distinction, except as a soldier, a scholar, and a gentleman; and that, with the feelings of a future hero struggling in his breast, he was panting for some favorable moment when the latent fire of ambition should be kindled into flame, or when some propitious circumstance should direct his energetic mind into a channel congenial to his tastes, and promising a career of glory and success.

"You are also well acquainted with the character of the sovereign under whose auspices this career was to commence. Her partiality for handsome men, and her love of splendid apparel, were scarcely inferior to her ruling passion for personal



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admiration, and that kind of flattery which consisted in rendering her the highest homage, not only as a sovereign, but also as a woman. It is said to have been on the occasion of Queen Elizabeth's visiting Greenwich, that, in her passage from the royal barge, when surrounded by her nobles and officers, she came to a spot where the ground was too moist for the foot of royalty to tread. At this lucky moment, the handsome and accomplished young Raleigh advanced, and, with an air of the most profound gallantry, gracefully cast from his shoulders a richly-embroidered cloak, and spread it upon the ground at her majesty's feet. The keen eye of Elizabeth was instantly fixed upon the noble figure of the youth, while with an air of complacency she trod lightly over the costly footcloth, probably thinking at the moment how she could most appropriately reward an act of deference so exactly in accordance with her habits and her tastes. As might have been expected, the young adventurer was immediately admitted to the personal favor of his queen, which he was so fortunate as never entirely to lose during the remainder of her life. I would now ask, in what respect you think this act was worthy of being called great?"

"In no respect at all," replied Henry, "that I can see. I should rather say he was very foolish to spoil his handsome cloak for the sake of pampering the vanity of a plain woman who always wanted to be thought pretty, and an old woman who wanted to be thought young."

"It was unquestionably foolish in one sense," observed Mrs. Ashton; "and no doubt this simple

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act awakened the ridicule of the graver portion of the community, as much as it delighted the princess to whose vanity it was addressed; yet, as an act of self-interested policy, it was so well adapted to insure the end he had in view, that we can not withhold from it the praise of worldly wisdom, though I know of no principle of true greatness which it involves."

"Certainly not," observed Henry. "If he had sold that costly cloak to purchase a dinner for a poor man, or wrapped it round an orphan child that was shivering with cold, I should think he had done a much more noble action."

"You are right," replied Mrs. Ashton. "That which is done merely to gratify low feelings, and at the same time to raise ourselves in the opinion of others, without any respect to real merit, ought never to be called great. But as Sir Walter Raleigh was really a great man, let me hear what is your opinion as to that portion of his life during which he was most deserving of being called so."

"Let me see," said Henry. "Your question requires a good deal of thinking about, and I have a bad memory, and can not pounce upon the actions of a hero as Frederic can."

"I will help you, then," exclaimed Frederic; "for I know now exactly what my mother means, and I know she will say I have guessed right, if I fix upon the time when, taking advantage of the favors he had so cleverly acquired, Sir Walter obtained a patent to send out ships on a voyage of discovery, and to take possession, in the queen's name, of such countries as they might find."

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"What country," asked Mrs. Ashton, "was discovered in this expedition?"

"Virginia!" exclaimed both brothers at once.

"I remember it," said Frederic, "because it was called after the queen, in compliment to her unmarried state."

"And I remember," said Henry, "the character of the land as first discovered was such that, in letters written home to Sir Walter, it was described as diffusing around it a delicious fragrance with which the air was loaded, as if those who approached it had been in the midst of a delightful garden, abounding with all kinds of odorous flowers."

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Ashton, "you will esteem it among the greatest events of Sir Walter's life, that, by means of the colony which he established in Virginia, tobacco was first imported into England."

"Not I, indeed," exclaimed Henry. "I should rather say, with Miss Mitford, that I am never so much inclined to forgive those who brought about Sir Walter's melancholy end, as when I think of his having brought into our country this abominable weed."

"In my opinion," said Mrs. Ashton, "Sir Walter's true greatness of mind was never more shown than when the tide of his fortunes was turned against him, and we behold him a prisoner, awaiting, as he expected, the execution of his final sentence. The mild, yet manly spirit, which he then evinced, is such as to entitle him to the highest respect, while his truly Christian submission raises him above all human praise. As a woman, how-

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ever, I confess my interest has often been most awakened by the expressions addressed to his wife, when he believed himself to be penning the last lines of his which would ever meet her eye. His words are these :—

" ' You shall now receive, my dear wife, my last words, in these my last lines. My love I send you, that you may keep it when I am dead ; and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not, by my will, present you with sorrows—let them go into the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently, and with a heart like thyself. First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words can express, for your many travails and cares taken for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less : but pay it I never shall in this world.'

" Such was the simple and affectionate style of address made use of by this great scholar, courtier, and hero ; and then he goes on, with touching pathos, to speak of the widowed state of her whom he was leaving : ' To what friend to direct thee I know not, for all mine have left me in the true time of trial. Most sorry I am, God knows, that being thus surprised with death, I can leave you in no better estate.'

" He then says how much of his worldly possessions he had intended leaving her, and concludes with—' But God hath prevented all my resolutions, even that great God that ruleth all in all. If you can live free from want, care for no more—



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the rest is but vanity. Love God, and begin betimes to repose yourself on him; and therein shall you find true and lasting riches, and endless comfort. For the rest, when you have wearied yourself with all sorts of worldly cogitations, you shall but sit down by sorrow in the end. Teach your son also to love and fear God while he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him, and then God will be a husband to you, and a father to him—a husband and father that can not be taken from you.'

"At the conclusion of this letter we find the following solemn and beautiful prayer:—

"'The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipotent God, who is goodness itself, the true life and true light, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell! Bless my poor boy; pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms! Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband; but now, alas! overthrown. Yours that was, but now not my own—WALTER RALEIGH.'

"From this near prospect of death, Sir Walter was, however, translated to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower, where, says his biographer, his love of study, his varied mental resources, the stores of observation he had laid up in his travels, and his experience of the vanity and fickleness of the world, all prepared him to enjoy retirement and contemplation. 'His mind to him a kingdom was'—a noble possession, stored with moral and intellectual riches, which rendered him, to a great de-

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gree, independent of society and liberty. Those hours which before he had to steal from business or sleep, to enjoy his books or his studies, were now all his own. No court intrigues; no unseasonable interruptions; no summonses from royalty; no busy progresses or brilliant pageants; no deliberations at the council, or discussions in the parliament; nothing of the excitement of war, or discovery, or peril, broke the even and tranquil tenor of his existence."

"I should think he grew very dull and very miserable in such a situation," observed Frederic Ashton.

"By no means," replied his mother; "and here we behold the great advantage of having accustomed himself to think. Had Sir Walter never employed his mind until the period of his imprisonment, which continued sixteen years, he would then have been a wretched man indeed; but instead of sinking under his circumstances, which, contrasted with his early career of fame and glory, would have broken the spirit of an ordinary man, he roused himself to fresh action, and commenced, with his accustomed cheerfulness, his great work —The History of the World.

Now tell me, Frederic, do you not think it is worth any person's while to take the trouble of cultivating his mind; when habits of early reflection, and the expansion of thought which such habits produce, could do so much to enliven the gloom of a prison, and cheer the solitary moments of a man whom false friends and bitter enemies had deprived of all other enjoyments.

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## "THE YOUTHFUL INSTRUCTER."

CHILD.

HARK! mother, hark! Is that the song of the thrush, or the blackbird? For I never can tell which it is, they are both so full of joy; they are pleased, I dare say, to be alive and awake again, when the bright morning comes; and to find the same beautiful trees and flowers all around them, which they saw before they closed their eyes to sleep last night.

MOTHER.

And not the birds only, my child; but even those very trees and flowers seem glad. And see how the lambs are skipping on yon sunny bank, and chasing each other among the furze and broom; while the sober herds look scarcely less pleased to browse among the buttercups and daisies, cropping the short sweet grass, and then lying down as if to think how peaceful and how pleasant are their lives.

CHILD.

And are not you happy, too, mother? Or, do you like the evening better than the morning?

MOTHER.

I believe you have guessed my thoughts; for to me the close of the day brings many pleasures, the morning many cares.

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CHILD.

But do you not like to hear the cawing of the rooks, the sparrows chirping their "good morning" to each other, and the swallows, with softer voices, whispering what they want to say.

MOTHER.

Yes, all these are welcome and pleasant sounds, yet still I must prefer the evening, when the rooks come home from the fields, flapping their weary wings over the old elms—when the sparrows have ceased to chirp—and when the swallows have dipped their feathers for the last time in the willow-shaded brook.

CHILD.

The busy bees too, that buz out of their hive as if all the business in the world was done by them; the old hens that look so proud to teach their chickens how to take care of themselves; and the laborers going out to work—you have forgotten all these, mother.

MOTHER.

No, I have not forgotten them; but I would rather see the industrious bee laden with honey flying home to its hive; the hen gathering her chickens underneath her wings; and the laborer returning home from his work, his children meeting him at the garden-gate, his wife preparing his evening meal, and the smoke of their cottage-fire ascending among the dark-green trees.

CHILD.

But the song of the birds, mother, and all the

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sweet flowers that burst forth with the morning, you must have forgotten them.

MOTHER.

No, my child, I remember all these. But I remember also, too well to forget its sweetness, the blackbird's evening song, when it seems to me to be rejoicing that another day has passed—another night has come.

CHILD.

Mother, dear mother! you must be mistaken; surely nothing in creation rejoices that another day has passed, a bright and beautiful day, with all its enjoyments, which none of us could call back, even if we would weep and pray for it.

MOTHER.

Yes, my dear child. Such is human nature, and such the precarious hold we have upon earthly enjoyment, that many of us do rejoice when a day is safely over—when those we love best are gathered round us and at rest, and we feel that the protecting care of a heavenly Father extends over all.

CHILD.

And is this the reason, then, why you love the evening best; because it is safe and comfortable to retire to sleep?

MOTHER.

Not altogether as you have described it; but rather because I feel that the human family is like a flock of wandering sheep, under the care of a good shepherd; and that like these helpless and

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foolish animals, they would be perpetually going astray, did not the same good Shepherd watch over them.

CHILD.

By day, as well as by night?

MOTHER.

Unquestionably. Yet the day has its temptations, from which the night is exempt; and as I have lived many years longer than you, I have learned to dread these temptations so much, that I am glad when the day closes, and my own little flock is gathered in for the night, and no lamb is missing from the fold. The sweet flowers too, that rejoice your young heart, I have seen so often blighted in their bloom; the birds that warble in the morning, I have seen so often wounded; and the skies that were cloudless when the sun was rising, I have seen so often dark and lowering before night; that I have learned to look with fear upon beauty, and to listen with apprehension to the language of happiness.

CHILD.

But for one flower that died, mother, did not a hundred spring forth? Or was the song of the morning less joyful because all the birds were not there? If the clear skies became cloudy, did not storms pass away? and did not the evening look brighter after the morning had been dark?

MOTHER.

With regard to external nature, my dear child, I believe you are right; for though we may waste

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our regrets upon some particular charm that is wanting in this world of beauty, we find that nature is ever true to her divine Master, and that nothing in the creation ever fades, or dies, but to give place to fresh beauty and life.

CHILD.

Then you will love the morning as I do, dear mother.

MOTHER.

I do love the morning, my child, yet I repeat that the evening brings me more peace, and consequently more satisfaction.

CHILD.

I thought that evening had been the time to rest, and night the time to sleep.

MOTHER.

Surely they are so.

CHILD.

Then ought we not to love the morning better, because it is the time to think and to work? Let us sleep when we are weary, and can serve God no longer; but let us wake to think of his goodness and to do his will. If we have been unkind, ungrateful, or have sinned in any other way, morning is the time to prove that we are sorry. If we have never done anything to please God before, morning is the time to begin—and can any thought be happier, than that he has given us another day to love and serve him better.

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MOTHER.

You are right, my dear child: you have taught me a useful lesson. Though morning and evening are both lovely, though both have their pleasures, and both ought to fill our minds with the goodness and the greatness of God; yet to sleep, to rest, to feel that we are gathered under the shelter of his wings, is to be satisfied with our own good, rather than to seek his glory. Another, and a more important part of duty, is to be willing to go forth at his bidding, to act or to suffer as may best promote the happiness of our fellow-creatures, and to look upon safety, and slumber, and repose, as blessings bestowed by his hand, to preserve and fit us for entering afresh each day upon his service.



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# THE CITIZEN KING.

If the history of the kings and heroes of past ages be a subject of interesting investigation, and profitable study, it is at least equally important that we make ourselves acquainted with the character and experience of the great men who live in our own times. It is true, this is sometimes a difficult task; because delicacy toward the feelings of the individuals themselves prevents many things being said of them while living, which are, nevertheless, true; and because the influence of party feeling is such, that both their friends and their enemies say many things about them while living, which are not strictly true. Thus it seems almost necessary, before we can come to a right understanding of the merits or demerits of any distinguished person, that all party-feeling, either for or against them, should have subsided; and that the friends who over-estimated their virtues, as well as the enemies who would not believe them, should both have passed away from the earth, and have given place to other judges, whose unbiassed minds may be more willing, as well as more able, to render justice to the illustrious dead.

Still there are facts in the experienee of every one, with which prejudice, or partiality, can have little to do—facts, which in the case of great men belong to the political history of the country or

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the times in which they live; and which, therefore, constitute not only some of the most interesting subjects of consideration, but are also most important truths with which to make ourselves acquainted.

Louis Philippe, the present sovereign of France, not unfrequently called the citizen king, is a striking exception to the rule, that kings and princes are more ignorant than other men of the common and familiar affairs of every-day life—owing to the elevated sphere in which from infancy they are compelled to move, shutting them out, as it were, from the social fellowship of mankind in general, and thus limiting their observations upon human nature to a comparatively narrow and partial circle.

The following anecdote of the king illustrates, in his own words, the difference between his preparation for the duties of government, and that of princes in general: "An English nobleman having had the honor of dining with the king, in that unceremonious manner in which he delights to withdraw himself from the trammels of state, the conversation was carried on as if between equals, and his majesty remarked, 'that he was the only sovereign now in Europe fit to fill a throne.' The nobleman, somewhat staggered by this piece of egotism, forced himself to utter some commonplace compliment upon the great talents for government which his royal entertainer had always displayed, when the king burst into a fit of laughter, and exclaimed: 'No, no, that is not what I mean; but kings are at such a discount in our days, there is no saying what may happen;

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and I am the only monarch who has cleaned his own boots, and could do it again.'"

The marriage of Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke of Chartres, father to the present king, to the wealthy heiress of the house of Penthievre, was an event which, as far as human calculations might be depended upon, promised to be productive of happiness and prosperity both to the parties immediately concerned, and to their posterity. Many circumstances contributed to render this great alliance peculiarly hopeful in its results. The princess was high-minded, amiable, and gifted with uncommon abilities; the duke was open, generous, and the supreme object of popular favor: while their united fortunes formed the largest private estate possessed by any subject in Europe.

Their oldest son, Louis Philippe, Duke of Valois, was born in the year 1773; and it is no trifling honor to the female sex, that from the age of eight years his education was conducted under the superintendence of a highly-gifted woman, who has left on record many delightful and deeply interesting traits of character, as exhibited by her young and noble pupil, during those years of natural and familiar companionship which they spent together. Indeed, the whole system of discipline pursued by his governess, Madame de Genlis, was such as to place the subject of it far above the rank of an ordinary man, in those moral and manly qualities which are not the less to be admired when they adorn the highest station.

"How often," says this lady in the history of her own times, "have I congratulated myself on the education I gave him—on having made him

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learn from his childhood all the principal modern languages, on having accustomed him to serve himself, without assistance, to despise every kind of effeminacy, to sleep habitually on a wooden bed, merely covered with a straw mat; to face the sun, cold, and rain; to habituate himself to fatigue by daily practising violent exercises, and by going five or six leagues with leaden soles in his usual walks; and, lastly, on having taught him many branches of knowledge, and on having inspired him with a taste for travelling."

That the education of the young princes might be really solid and practical, the Duke of Valois and his brothers all sharing in the instructions of Madame de Genlis, had appropriated to their use a garden, which they dug and planted with their own hands, a German being their companion in these occupations, during which they spoke only the language of his country; while at dinner, and in their evening walks they usually spoke English, and at supper Italian.

In their rambles through the neighboring country, their companions were an apothecary and a chemist, whose business it was to instruct them in botany, and in the medicinal nature and properties of plants. The princes were also frequently employed in the manufacture of articles of domestic utility. Weaving, basket-making, turning, and other mechanical operations, filled up many a happy hour of their lives. The Duke of Valois, however, is said to have excelled the whole family party in cabinet-making. Assisted by his brothers, he manufactured for the house of a poor woman at St. Leu, a press, and a table with draw-



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ers, both equal to the best that could be purchased. The tools and instruments which these rational scholars were accustomed to use, as well as various models of their workmanship, were preserved, at the close of their education, in the gallery of the Palais Royal, and after the Revolution were exhibited at the Louvre.

But the instances of kind and generous feeling recorded of the young duke, are such as reflect the greatest beauty upon his character; and his many acts of unostentatious kindness are dwelt upon by his governess with every demonstration of natural and real satisfaction. During these excursions they were accustomed to make to different parts of the country, it was discovered at one place, that he had secretly given all the money he could procure to release a debtor from prison; and on the following day, being informed that a respectable person, of whom he had known something, had been totally ruined in business, he besought his governess to send him a sum of money, sufficient to release this man from his embarrassments. The letter which he addressed to Madame Genlis on this occasion, was preserved by her among her most precious relics. It ran as follows: "I propose to deprive myself of my pocket-money to the conclusion of my education; that is, up to the first of April, 1790, and to devote that amount to benevolent purposes. On the first of each month we will decide the use that is to be made of it; I beg you will receive on this subject my most sacred word, that I wish this to remain a secret between us."

No wonder that these, and other equally delight-

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ful illustrations of character, should have given rise to the following memorial recorded in the journal of the governess for that year :—

"The Duke of Chartres has greatly improved in disposition during the last year. He was born with good dispositions ; he is now become intelligent and virtuous. He has none of the frivolity of his age : he sincerely disdains the puerilities which occupy the pursuits of so many young men ; such as fashions, dress, trinkets, trifles of all kinds, the rage for following novelties. He has no passion for money ; he is disinterested ; despises glare, and is, consequently, truly noble : lastly, he has an excellent heart, which is common to his brothers and sister, and which, joined to reflection, is capaple of producing all other good qualities."

In the year 1787 a very extensive and interesting tour was undertaken by the governess and her young pupils, during which excursion they visited, among other places of celebrity, the rocky fortress of St. Michael, one of the most romantic objects in Europe. The first object of curiosity in this place was the famous *iron cage*, in which prisoners committed on *lettres de cachet* were formerly confined. When the young duke arrived at the scene where this horrible structure was exhibited, fifteen years had elapsed since the cage had been permanently tenanted ; though the prior who conducted them to the spot, and who acted as commandant of the fortress, acknowledged that refractory individuals from the monastery and the town, had been confined there for four and twenty hours. While giving this account the prior could not fail to perceive the rising indignation of his youthful

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visiters; he therefore informed them that it was his intention, at no very distant period, to destroy this instrument of the cruelty of princes. An intention so accordant with the feelings of the juvenile party, was hailed with the utmost delight, and a request was instantly made that they might be present at the scene of destruction.

The demolition of the iron cage is thus described by Madame Genlis, who was herself a witness of the act: "A few hours before our departure from St. Michael's, the prior, followed by the monks, two carpenters, one of the Swiss of the castle, and the greater part of the prisoners (who, at our request were allowed to be present) accompanied us to the vault containing the horrible cage. In order to reach it, we were obliged to traverse caverns so dark, that we had to use lighted flambeaux; and after having descended many steps, we reached a frightful cavern, where stood this abominable structure. It was surprisingly small, and placed on ground so damp, that the water was seen running under it. I entered with sentiments of horror and indignation mingled with the pleasant feeling that at last—thanks to my pupils—no unfortunate pupil would ever again have to reflect with bitterness within its walls, on his own misfortunes and the cruelty of men. The Duke of Chartres, with the most touching expression, and with a strength beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage, after which, the carpenters cut down the door, and removed some of the wood. I have never witnessed anything more affecting than the transports, the acclamations, and the applauses of the prisoners, during

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this demolition. In the midst of the tumult, I was struck with the melancholy and miserable looks of the Swiss, who regarded the operation with evident symptoms of grief. I mentioned this to the prior, who replied, that the Swiss regretted the destruction of the cage, because he derived some fees from showing it to strangers. The explanation being overheard by the Duke of Chartres, he turned instantly round, and handing ten louis to the Swiss, said, "In future, instead of showing the iron cage to travellers, you will have to point out to them the place where it once stood, and surely that view will be infinitely more gratifying to those who possess feelings of humanity."

Happy was it indeed for the young duke, that his education in every way had fitted him for those reverses of fortune, which at an early period of his life, cast him forth upon the world dependant only upon his own resources, and upon those energies of mind and body, which never, under any circumstances, failed to support him with dignity and honor, both as a man of spirit and intelligence, and as the member of a princely house.

The events of the French revolution are too much the subject of history, to be even touched upon in a brief notice of individual character, like this. It is enough to state, that in consequence of these events—of the many changes in the tide of popular feeling, of the violent disruption of natural and social ties, and of the consequent uprooting of public as well as private confidence, which necessarily followed, the Duke of Chartres, though already distinguished as a military commander, was compelled to escape from his unhappy coun-

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try, without protection, and without pecuniary resources; but with a price set upon his head, so that it was the interest of all who had ever known him to detect the young exile, and drag him back to the bar of popular judgment, where little chance of mercy awaited him, from those bloody and ferocious men, who had taken the reins of government into their own hands.

Compelled as the duke now was to take every precaution to prevent his being known in those very countries, which he had so lately traversed as a successful military commander, we behold him with only one faithful servant for his companion, travelling on foot, from place to place, and leading with his own hand the only horse he retained, in order that his servant, who was feeble, and suffering from indisposition, might be conveyed with less fatigue.

It was during one of his excursions in the Alps, while attended by this faithful servant, that the duke presented himself at the door of the monastery of St. Gothard, and asked for shelter and protection for the night. "What do you want?" asked a capuchin friar from a window above. "Some nourishment for my companion and myself," replied the duke. "My good young man," replied the friar, "we do not admit foot-passengers here." But still the duke remonstrated, saying, he would pay whatever was demanded. "No, no," said the capuchin again, "that little inn is good enough for you," and, pointing to an humble shed, where some muleteers were eating their Alpine cheese, he closed the window upon his illustrious visiter.

Among the many curious and interesting events

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which are related as having occurred to the noble exile, during his wanderings in Switzerland, it is not the least wonderful, that he should have bent his young and lofty spirit to the duties of a teacher in the college of Reichenau, situated at the confluence of the Upper and Lower Rhine. He was admitted into this establishment in his twenty-second year, after having submitted to the most rigid examination under an assumed name; and here he remained for the space of eight months unknown to any one, except the president of the college, teaching geography, history, the French and English languages, with mathematics, and other branches of education. Here, too, he not only succeeded in the faithful discharge of his academic duties, but he also inspired the inhabitants of the place, with so high an esteem for his talents and virtues, that they appointed him their deputy to the assembly of Ceire.

But in this peaceful retreat the duke was followed by the melancholy intelligence of his father's unjust and untimely death. Overwhelmed with affliction, he sought relief from change of scene, and with this object set forth again on his travels, through many of the northern countries of Europe; visiting every scene worthy of his curiosity and interest; avoiding neither danger nor fatigue; but conforming, so far as was desirable, to the rude and simple habits of the people, among whom he associated on equal terms; and throughout the whole of his perils and privations, keeping his ever-active mind open to observe and understand everything which could add to his already extensive fund of knowledge and information. Sad

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## "LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

"Love me, love my dog," said little Marianne Greyburn, one day, as she drew her old favorite within her arms; and when the first pleasure of her caress was over, she pressed him still more closely, with a somewhat altered look, repeating often the same familiar saying in a peculiar tone of voice, which implied that she was not altogether satisfied with something which had just transpired.

"Never mind," she added, patting the quiet animal upon the head, and stroking down its shining hair, "never mind, if they do treat you badly, Nero, they would treat me in the same manner if they dared; and though the steps are just washed, and you are forbidden to go in, we can sit more happily beneath this tree than we could in the queen's palace. So never mind, old fellow, we will love one another all the better because nobody else cares anything about us."

Now Marianne's dog Nero, though a very faithful and affectionate creature, was particularly fond of walking in and out of Mrs. Greyburn's handsome hall; and it so happened on that day, that he had received a somewhat severe reprimand from the servant, whose business it was to keep the hall clean, seconded by Mrs. Greyburn herself, who had called him a troublesome old creature, and

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even threatened to have him sent away. But, worst of all, Mr. Greyburn having come in while the various charges were being made against the dog, he had taken his whip from its usual place, and as the terrified animal scampered away, had applied it, as Marianne verily believed, to the legs of her poor favorite. From such an accumulation of sufferings and wrongs, she had consequently escaped with her friend, to bemoan his distress, and to ponder upon the words of the old adage, "Love me, love my dog;" words which she very tenderly applied to her own case, believing herself to be a person deeply aggrieved.

These trying circumstances decided Marianne Greyburn upon writing immediately to her married sister, at whose house she was about to visit, to request that her dog Nero might be the companion of her journey; and she added to this request a hope that for her sake he might be received and treated kindly by the family.

Some young people would have thought such a request rather an impertinent one to make, seeing that Marianne was not much acquainted with her sister's husband; but the young lady in question was a little too much accustomed to think herself and her own affairs of more importance than anything else, and therefore she sent of her letter without showing it either to her father or her mother.

The answer that Marianne received was more favorable than might have been expected. Selina, for that was her sister's name, was not fond of pet-dogs, and Mr. Wentworth, her husband, had a decided objection to them; but they had both ta-



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ken into account the probability that Marianne might be dull at their house, where she could have no young companions, and they therefore cordially agreed to comply with her request, and even sent an express invitation for old Nero, promising that he should be treated with all possible respect.

"I begin," said Marianne to her mother, as she was packing up her trunk, "to think I shall like Mr. Wentworth, after all, at least better than I ever did before. It is really kind of him to ask my dog as well as me, and flattering too."

"I am afraid you think as much of the flattery as of the kindness," observed Mrs. Greyburn. "Had I been in your place, I should hardly have taken him, notwithstanding the invitation, for you must be aware it is only given to please you."

"And what can be so agreeable as to find people will put themselves out of the way to please you?" asked Marianne.

"Nothing," replied her mother. "But the question of importance in such cases, is, whether we will take advantage of such kindness, by inflicting upon our friends what must be an annoyance. However, I will consent in this instance to let you do as you like, because I want you to know from your own experience how kind and excellent a man Mr. Wentworth really is."

"I dare say he may be both kind and excellent," replied Marianne, in a sort of under tone, "but I don't expect to be able to like him very much, for all that."

The fact was, Selina Greyburn had ventured to choose a husband for herself, while her younger sister was at school; and what was a still greater

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offence, the excellent gentleman to whom she was now married, had always treated Marianne as if she were a girl, rather than a woman. Nay, he had even gone so far, and forgotten himself so entirely, as, on one memorable occasion, to take hold of her hand, instead of offering her his arm: an insult to her dignity which she did not find it easy to forgive.

The nearest approach she had ever made toward forgiveness, was on the occasion of her dog being invited; and she therefore set out in high good humor, accompanied by her father's coachman, for the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wentworth, which, unfortunately for Nero, happened to be in the centre of a large town.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that, by a brother-in-law so kind and good, Marianne was received with the warmest welcome; and though the day was rainy, and Nero had walked a considerable distance along the streets; though his long hair was dropping with mud; and though he entered in this plight the beautiful hall of Mr. Wentworth's house; he was kindly spoken to by the gentleman himself, and even patted on the head, as he rushed past him to follow his mistress up the wide stairs, and over the rich carpets, which, like all the furniture of the house, appeared to be costly, elegant, and new.

"Whatever shall I do with him?" said Marianne, drawing back, really appalled at the aspect of the drawing-room, when contrasted with the condition of her dog.

"With whom?" asked Selina. "Have you brought any one with you?"

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"Only old Nero," replied Marianne.

"Oh! you have really brought him!" exclaimed her sister. "To tell you the truth, I thought you were joking all the time;—and so dirty, too! Whatever shall we do with him, indeed? Wentworth is so particular. Dear Marianne, I do wish you had left him at home."

"Love me, love my dog!" exclaimed Marianne. "I came to try you, and I see my experiment has failed. But without joking, Selina, I *am* sorry he should come up stairs in this dirty plight; and if you will allow me, I will send him down with one of the servants."

"I hardly dare trust him," replied Selina; "for though we may love you well enough to bear with him for your sake, my servants can not be expected to do the same, and a sorry life he would have of it among them."

Poor Marianne! she was now very seriously distressed; and instead of rejoicing in the invitation given to her dog, began almost to wish that her relations had not loved her, rather than that they should have shown it in such a manner. Mr. Wentworth, however, relieved her from the suffering she was enduring, by telling her very candidly, that he had provided a lodging for her dog, where he would be treated with every kindness, where she might see him as often as she wished, and whence she might take him to accompany her in her walks; "for," he added, very seriously, "you must see that, in such a house as this, with every disposition to make both you and your friend happy, it would be quite impossible to accommodate him."

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"I am quite sure I shall never like Mr. Wentworth," said Marianne to herself that night, when she went to bed; and when she awoke in the morning, her first thought was again—"I am quite sure I shall never like him." She thought, too, that as the day was fine, Nero might have been admitted into the house; but there was no mention of him, and it is very probable that Mr. Wentworth went out to his business, without once remembering that there was such a being in existence.

"I like him less and less," said Marianne to herself, after he was gone; and she strengthened herself in this impression as much as she could, by recollecting all that he had said and done, which she could in any way find fault with, during the short interval of their early meal. For one thing, and that was a very grave charge, Mr. Wentworth had read the newspaper, and one long column on education he had actually read aloud, during breakfast. For another, he had worn a pair of shabby slippers; and for a third, he had paid no attention to what she was talking about with Selina, but had actually broken the thread of their conversation, by some observations upon the price of cattle in Smithfield market.

It was in vain that Mr. Wentworth endeavored to overcome the prejudices of his young relative, by all the kindness he was accustomed to exercise toward those around him. Marianne had seen very little of the world, and had no means of judging of such a character as that of her brother-in-law. Yet, like too many young and inexperienced people, she thought herself quite justified in dis-



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liking him, because he did not please her taste. Thus her behavior to him was not always respectful, and at times scarcely obliging. When he asked her to walk with him, she had either a headache or was tired; when he read aloud to her, it was not the book she wished to hear; when he drew his chair to the fire, in order to enjoy the pleasure of a social hour at the close of the day, she became silent, or conversed with others in an under tone on subjects in which he could not possibly feel an interest.

Although, as an insignificant person, Marianne might do all this without committing any flagrant breach of good manners, yet there is a manner which so clearly implies an absence of interest and kind feeling, that is in reality more offensive than absolute rudeness; and young people, who dare not be directly rude, will sometimes put on this manner toward persons, whom they would really admire, if they could but understand or know them better.

"I am afraid," said Selina to her sister one day, as they sat together at their work, "that you do not like my husband?"

"What makes you think so?" said Marianne, blushing deeply.

"Your behavior implies it," replied her sister.

"To be perfectly frank with you," said Marianne, "I am afraid I do not."

"Have you ever tried to like him?" asked Selina.

"What can you mean?" said Marianne, looking up with astonishment. "Liking comes of itself, or not at all."

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"I beg your pardon," said Selina. "We can not absolutely make liking, but we can cultivate it; and there are sometimes strong reasons why we should endeavor to like those who are not personally agreeable to us."

"Yes," replied Marianne, "I am perfectly aware there are. In my own case, for instance, it would be greatly to my advantage if I could like Mr. Wentworth."

"I did not mean that exactly," replied her sister. "Perhaps you will understand me better, if I repeat the old adage, 'Love me, love my dog.'"

"An excellent old saying!" exclaimed Marianne, "and I wish all people would remember it as well as I do."

"I was going to tell you how you might remember it better," observed Selina.

"What do you mean?" asked Marianne, for she had not once suspected that the adage could be applied to her disadvantage.

"I mean," replied her sister, "what I should have thought your love for me would have induced you, at least to try—to like the best and the kindest friend I have in the world. I should have thought that your love for me would have induced you to suppose, that I could not have chosen such a friend as my companion for life, without he had possessed merits of which you might not perhaps be aware; but, above all, I should have thought that your love for me would have been a sufficient reason for your treating my husband with every mark of respect; and, even if you could not love him yourself, I should have thought you would have spared me the pain of feeling that you disliked him."

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Marianne hung down her head with every appearance of shame and humiliation, as her sister spoke these words. She was, however, of a frank and candid disposition, and she therefore confessed that she had been wrong in her behavior; but again added, that her feelings were not at her own command, and that she could not, consequently, promise to like her brother better.

"What is it you find fault with in him?" asked Selina, who very naturally wondered that one, whom she admired so much, had not found favor in her sister's eyes.

"I really can hardly say," replied Marianne; "but I think the chief thing is, he is such a man of business: I never did like mere men of business, and I never shall."

"Dear Marianne," said Selina, very gravely, "you should be quite sure that you understand what you are talking about, before you pronounce upon any one in this manner. You compel me to speak of family matters in order to vindicate my husband, and to show you the folly of judging hastily of characters which you have no means of understanding."

"You must not mistake me, Selina," said Marianne, interrupting her sister, "nor suppose that I am unwilling to believe Mr. Wentworth an excellent man. I give him credit for a thousand good qualities, but still I must say, that a man whose whole soul is in business, who goes early in the morning to his counting-house, and comes home late, too tired to be agreeable, who never spends a day of pleasure, nor gives his thoughts to anything but pounds, shillings, and pence, is, and must be to

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me, the kind of man who can neither excite interest nor affection."

"Marianne!" exclaimed Selina, "you do not know what you say. When I married Mr. Wentworth, he was what the world calls a rich man, and only waited for a suitable opportunity for disposing of his business, before we should retire into the country to enjoy that life of leisure which, notwithstanding your low opinion of him, he is well calculated to enjoy. Two years ago my father fell into pecuniary difficulties, with which you were too young to be made acquainted. But for the noble generosity of Mr. Wentworth, he must have become a bankrupt; but this brother, whom you so little understand, with a nobility of heart too seldom met with, determined, from that time, to continue, and even to extend his arduous and lucrative business; and he now works on as you see, from morning till night, never, as you complain, allowing himself a day of pleasure, in order that my father may retain his position in society, and that he, my mother, and you, may suffer no diminution of your accustomed enjoyments."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Marianne, for she was at once astonished and shocked at her own injustice. "Is it possible that while I was thinking so hardly of Mr. Wentworth, I was actually living upon the fruits of his labor?"

"It is as I have told you," replied Selina, "and I have made you acquainted with the true state of the case, in order that you may take warning for the future, and learn not to think and speak of persons whom you do not know, merely from the caprice of the moment; that you may learn too, to

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take in some measure upon trust, those whom your friends have found, after long acquaintance, to be worthy of their regard; and that even before you can love them, you may at least behave kindly to them, for the sake of such friends, remembering, in connexion with what I have now told you, the old adage you are so fond of, 'Love me, love my dog.'"

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## THE VALUE OF A NAME.

"I SHOULD like," said Frederic Ashton to his mother, a few days after their conversation on the subject of "True Greatness," "to do something to make myself a name. I do not mean so much, to to be talked about, as to be seen. I should like to build some great castle that men would wonder at as they passed by, and from which I could look out upon the surrounding country; and then, whatever might be thought of me, merely as a man, I should have a great establishment, and great influence."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Ashton, "is it possible you can wish to be the master of a great establishment, when you have not yet learned to master yourself?"

"But, dearest mother," said the boy, looking half ashamed of his presumption, "you know, you can master me; for, however determined or self-willed I may be, so soon as I see that cloud upon your brow, and that look of sorrow about your mouth which makes you speak in a low, deep voice, as if grief was at your heart, I feel all over, I can not tell you how—but as weak and foolish as a little child; and so vexed with myself, that I determine never to act contrary to your wishes again."

"And how long," asked Mrs. Ashton, "do you generally keep this resolution?"

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"Frederic had by this time crept round his mother's chair, and was extremely glad to find himself screened from her observation, while the last question was asked, and repeated; but he was still more glad to see his brother approaching, and to have an excuse for running off to meet him, which he did at his utmost speed.

"And would not you like, Henry," said he, "to build yourself a great house, like Eaton Hall, for instance; that strangers would come from a great way off to see, and that all the world would talk about, and wonder at?"

"Let us see," said Mrs. Ashton, whom by this time they had joined, "how much either of you know of the history of Eaton Hall; for if you are ignorant with what name it is associated, either as builder or possessor, I do not see how either should in your estimation be so very enviable."

"I know it is situated in Cheshire," said Henry, "and not far from the river Dee."

"And to what ancient family does it owe its original structure?" asked Mrs. Ashton.

The two boys looked earnestly at each other, but neither of them was able to reply, and their mother then asked them again, of what importance in the acquisition of a great name, could be the building of a great house, when even in this instance, neither the present possessor nor the original founder of this splendid edifice was remembered? "But I will assist you," said she, "for it is of importance that we make ourselves acquainted with every fact which history has recorded of the distinguished men, and celebrated places, of our native country. I have seldom," she added,

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" felt more ashamed, than on being appealed to by foreigners for those simple details relating to my own nation; of which it seemed almost impossible to them that I should be ignorant. Eaton Hall, then, the magnificent residence of the Marquis of Westminster, was originally a plain brick mansion, built by Sir Thomas Grosvenor, the representative of that ancient family in the reign of William III. The family of Grosvenor, you are probably aware, is of very remote descent. Gilbert de Grosvenor, nephew of William the Conqueror, having accompanied his uncle in the expedition against England, on the latter obtaining the throne of the kingdom, had assigned to him the extensive and fertile lands now ornamented by this noble structure. In the reign of Edward III., although some of the lower part of the building was retained in its original state, the entire superstructure was altered, and the whole enlarged to twice its former size. The design of the architect being, to adapt the highly ornamental style of our old ecclesiastical edifices to the purposes of domestic comfort and utility, the whole aspect of the building was made to exhibit the same beauty of design, and richness of detail, which is so universally admired in York cathedral; while the interior is not less admirable, for its arrangement and adaptation, than the exterior is grand and imposing. The mansion is constructed of light-colored stone, which contrasts beautifully with the deep and sombre foliage of the surrounding woods; and it is principally regarded as presenting two fronts, each consisting of a spacious centre of three stories, terminating in octagonal turrets, and



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connected with wings of corresponding architecture.

"The east front is that represented by the picture before you, and scarcely can a more splendid or elegant pile of building be imagined. The west front is entered beneath a lofty-vaulted portico, sufficiently spacious to admit a carriage. Through the vaulted arches, by which the grand saloon is entered, the visiter looks out upon the most picturesque landscape of the river Dee: and thus while surrounded by the armorial bearings of an ancient and noble family, by portraits of the old Earls of Chester, and by all which ingenuity and art could devise to perpetuate the glory and distinction of the house to which this edifice belongs; we gaze with no less delight upon the simple beauties of nature, upon the fields of waving corn, and the cottages of the peasantry, studding the hill-sides here and there, and reminding us of the mutual dependance of the rich and the poor; the one affording protection, and the other labor, for the advantage and benefit of both.

"Henry," said Frederic, his eyes flashing with animation, "when do you think we shall be rich enough to buy land, and build ourselves a great house like this?"

"When we are both Earls Grosvenor," said Henry laughing.

"Nonsense," exclaimed Frederic with impatience, "I don't mean to be laughed out of my purpose. I heard it said one day that whatever a person undertook with sufficient determination, provided he had no physical defect to hinder him, he could accomplish. Now, mother, and now,

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Henry, laugh as you will, I do intend to make this my great object—to do something that may be actually seen, in order that I may be remembered when I am dead."

"But you forget," said Henry, "that neither you nor I recollected, until my mother told us, either who was the builder, or who was the owner of even this splendid house; and I think you and I are not very likely to build one larger."

"Ah! Frederic," said Mrs. Ashton, "you should have been my companion a few weeks ago, when I made a tour with some of my friends through a part of Cornwall. One of our excursions was to visit the ruins of Restormal Castle, and I confess it was a melancholy feeling to me, as I stood upon the spacious ground which this edifice had once covered, and saw there stately trees usurping the place of shattered and crumbling masonry—it was a melancholy feeling to reflect how little could now be learned of the early history of this ruined pile, the name of whose founder is forgotten, and whose origin is unrecorded.

"All that we learn from history of this dilapidated castle is, that it once belonged to the Earls of Cornwall; but as early as the reign of Edward III. it is described as being considerably out of repair. Those who set their hearts upon being remembered for their great possessions, their places of strength, or their princely dwellings, should go and meditate beneath the arches of that ancient ruin, of which an old writer says, in his quaint language: 'The whole castle beginneth to mourn, and to wring out hard stones for tears, that she that was embraced, visited by, and delighted great

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princes, is now desolate, forsaken, and forlorn: the cannon needs not batter, nor the pioneer to undermine, nor powder to blow up this so famous a pile, for time and tyranny hath wrought her desolation.'

"Now tell me, Frederic, whether you do not think it would be better to do something for the good of your fellow-creatures to be remembered by, than to build a splendid house, or to fortify a castle?"

"And perhaps you might have your splendid mansion too," said Henry, "and call it a castle, if you prefer the name, like Sir Richard Arkwright."

"Sir Richard Arkwright!" exclaimed Frederic, with the utmost contempt, "what! and be remembered by my spinning-jennies?"

"I wish you may be remembered by anything half as useful," observed Mrs. Ashton. "But let me advise you to think again, Frederic, before you give way to this most unreasonable disdain.—Think again upon what is the state of the country in which we live, and what the character of the society among which we move. The men of the present day, especially those with whom we associate, are no longer heroes, adventurers, or even warriors. But they are not the less men of enterprise, and noble daring; for there is more real courage than you perhaps may be aware of, in working out those principles of science which are neither received nor understood by people in general, and which consequently are opposed by prejudice, and vilified by slander.

"Sir Richard Arkwright, whom you presume to despise as a mere mechanic, possessed the sin-

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gular excellence of acting with prudence, energy, and good sense, in the two extremes of low and high station, first as an humble workman at Preston, in Lancashire, where he followed the occupation of a barber; and afterward as a gentleman of princely fortune, in which character he was as much distinguished by his good feeling, and good taste, as he had been in his humbler lot by ingenuity, industry, and perseverance."

"And do you think, mother," said Frederic, still retaining his expression of contempt, "do you really think that I would become a barber, even if by that means I might gain a name?"

"I do not pretend to say," replied Mrs. Ashton, "that you could add anything to your dignity or your merit by *becoming* a barber now; neither should I recommend the particular occupation to any one, as a step toward greatness; but I do wish you to understand, that it is of no more consequence to a really great man to have been a barber, than it is to you that at some time or other of your life you have stitched a button on your own, or your brother's waistcoat. Neither that particular act in you, nor the shaving of men's beards in the case of Sir Richard, were a part of character; they were distinct acts, which, under existing circumstances, it was your duty to do, but which reflected neither honor nor dishonor upon your conduct in general.

"By persons of good sense, and right feeling, it can never be mentioned as a reproach to Sir Richard Arkwright, that the sphere of his occupations was a lowly and obscure one, at the same time when his active mind was engaged in devi-



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sing those great improvements in the machinery of his country, for which the nation at large is indebted to him as having opened a mine of wealth, never to be exhausted, until its industry shall have ceased. Alone, and unaided except by ideas derived from the suggestions of those who had gone before him, this wonderful man projected a machine to facilitate the spinning of thread, which, however, his own means did not enable him to reduce to practice; while those whose pecuniary resources were sufficient for this purpose, afraid of failure, refused to assist him with their capital. Still, however, in spite of all difficulties, he persevered; and at length succeeded so far as to attract the attention of some individuals who had discernment enough to see that his machinery was at least worth a trial. Every succeeding experiment was attended with a certain degree of failure, arising from contingencies which had not been anticipated; but still, among the taunts and the ridicule of minds less comprehensive than his own, the humble but determined workman persevered; and it was only after the lapse of many years, and a long series of progressive improvements, that the great object was attained, and that series of machinery constructed, by the employment of which, a portion of British manufactures till then exciting no very considerable notice, began to be regarded as a source of inexhaustible prosperity and wealth.

"Now do you not think with me, Frederic, that such a man deserved to build himself a splendid mansion, and to call it a castle too?"

"I do," said Frederic; "but had I been in his

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place, I would have built a far more splendid mansion than Willersley Castle in Derbyshire appears to be; for I suppose he was very rich."

"In this, as in other things, Sir Richard showed his good sense, by not aiming at too much. It is a curious fact, that in the choice of a situation for his residence, he exhibited also that energy of character, and that determination not to be defeated by difficulties, which characterized the whole of his career. Although the exact spot selected for the erection of Willersley Castle, was originally occupied by a vast rock, even this circumstance presented no insurmountable hinderance to one whose whole life had been a succession of efforts, ultimately crowned with their reward. At the cost of three thousand pounds, the removal of this rock was accomplished: and although, during the erection of the building, it was once almost entirely destroyed by an accidental fire, Sir Richard, by whose ingenuity the whole structure was arranged, steadily pursued his object, and finally succeeded in making himself the master and occupant of a noble mansion, no less remarkable for its simplicity, than its elegance. This beautiful edifice stands on the southern side of an eminence which forms the eastern boundary of the Derwent, in its romantic course through Matlock Dale."

"My favorite hero," said Henry Ashton, turning to another engraving, "was satisfied with a less magnificent residence, though, for its beautiful and commanding situation, it could scarcely be surpassed."

"Who is your favorite hero?" asked Frederic.

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"A simple-hearted, and unassuming man; yet one whose true heroism has never been disputed."

"One of your lack-a-daysical-poet sort of people," said Frederic, "I suppose; with a slouched hat, a drooping feather, and a threadbare coat."

"The very reverse of your description," said his brother—"a man who neither feared death, nor left, when he died, the least trace of disorder among his public or private affairs; one who was ever ready to obey the call of his country, either in the senate, or the battle-field; and who, after earning the laurels of a conqueror, could retire to his peaceful residence on the banks of the Potomac, to cultivate the arts of rural life, and the social affections of a private and domestic man."

"You mean General Washington?" exclaimed Frederic.

"Now, mother, we have thought of a great man at last, who left behind him a name worth having."

"Yes, my children," replied Mrs. Ashton; "but you must remember, that he did nothing simply for the sake of obtaining that name. His objects were of a higher order, and such as justly obtained for him the distinction of a hero; they were the welfare of his country, and the good of his fellow-creatures at large. For this he sacrificed his retirement, his health, and his repose: for this he was willing to sacrifice his life, had it been required.

"On visiting the residence of General Washington at Mount Vernon, as it is now exhibited to strangers, one of the most interesting objects which strikes the eye of the curious, is an old and rusty

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key, enclosed in a glass frame, and suspended from the ceiling of the hall. It is the key of the French Bastile, and was sent to General Washington by his friend and fellow-soldier, Lafayette. Beneath it is suspended an engraving of the demolition of that prison by an infuriated people, an event which forms a conspicuous scene in the tragedy of the French revolution.

"But the simple tomb of Washington, inscribed only with his own name, and placed exactly in the spot where he had often expressed a wish to be laid, is, of all others, the most interesting relic which remains. The sarcophagus in which his ashes are enclosed, is of white marble, of the ancient Roman form, with a flat cover, on which an eagle is sculptured in relief, and beneath it the word 'Washington.' Close beside this, is another sarcophagus of the same material and form, containing the ashes of his wife, who died soon after him. The only inscription to be found upon this monument, is 'Martha, the consort of Washington.'"

And what else could have been desired? For, was it not enough of earthly distinction to have been the chosen companion of such a man, the sharer of his joys, the soother of his sorrows; and at last to sleep with him beside the banks of that broad river on which his eye was wont to gaze, when he retired from the pressing avocations of public and private life, "to converse with his own heart, and be still?"

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## WINTER'S EVENING.

How shall we spend this evening? or, what shall we do in the dark hour? are questions which not unfrequently occur toward the close of a winter's day.

Lady Caroline Grey had her own opinions as to the best manner of spending this portion of time; but as she knew that experience was more convincing than argument, she determined to let the young people under her care try their own plans, in order that the one finally adopted might have the advantage of being chosen by unanimous consent. The little party who composed her fireside circle, during the Christmas holydays, consisted of her own two daughters, Fanny and Ellen, and two nephews and a niece, whose parents were abroad.

But first let us look in upon the family before the arrival of these much-wished-for guests, and hear for ourselves what were the ideas entertained by these young people of the happiness of a winter's evening.

"Mamma," said Fanny, as she sat on her mother's lap, holding her foot in no very lady-like position, "we shall do nothing but play when our cousins come, shall we?"

"Oh! no, dear mamma," exclaimed Ellen, who

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had climbed upon her mother's chair, and was looking over her shoulder, "we shall do nothing else but play then; and I shall sit up an hour longer, that I may play so much more; shall I not, mamma?"

"Is that you, Ellen?" said Lady Caroline, looking round, "you, who always begin to rub your eyes, and complain that the candles grow dim, before eight o'clock?"

Little Ellen hid her face on her mother's shoulder, for she knew well how often she was found asleep in the nursery, long before that hour; but Fanny went on, settling all the affair of her cousin's visit, counting her favorite games upon her fingers, and arranging, as she thought, for the whole time of their stay to be one season of uninterrupted happiness.

"That you should do your best to promote the enjoyment of your visiters," observed Lady Caroline, "is perfectly right; and in order to do this, it is also right to think for them beforehand; but suppose we consult them, as well as ourselves, for some of them are older than you, and all may not be so fond of play as you and Ellen."

On the following evening, therefore, about the same hour of the day, when the shutters were closed, and a bright fire was burning, Lady Caroline proposed, that, as many hours still remained of what some persons considered the pleasantest part of the day, they should enter upon some occupation or amusement in which all could join.

The little visiters, of course, being not yet quite settled in their new home, felt rather backward in making any choice, but Fanny, considering herself

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as chiefly responsible for their entertainment, had no hesitation in proposing that the evening should be spent in play.

"Wait a moment, Fanny," said Lady Caroline. "Your cousins, I dare say, are too polite to dispute this point with you, especially if you insist upon it so earnestly; yet, after all, they may have some choice of their own." And she then turned the conversation, so as to endeavor to find out what were their peculiar or individual tastes. "My little girls," she added, "care for nothing so much as play, and I am quite satisfied that they should sometimes be as much in earnest in their play, as they are at other times in their learning. But you, I hope, are able to make a wiser choice, and if you will be kind enough to say what it is, I am sure we shall be happy to act upon it for this evening at least."

"My cousin Fanny," said the oldest boy, "has already said what is her wish: suppose we act upon that for one evening, and try how it answers, we shall then be better able to judge for the next."

"You are right," said Lady Caroline. "This evening, then, we give up to play." She then laid down her work, and asking her niece to assist her in removing the fancy ornaments from the tables, prepared for giving herself up, like the rest, to a whole evening of play.

For some time Fanny's plan answered wonderfully, and the interruption of tea only made her more impatient to commence operations again.

Even the politeness due to visiters gave place in her mind to brilliant visions of half-forgotten games,

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so that instead of handing their cups, and helping them to what was on the table, she could think and speak of nothing, but how these games were to be played, whether their party consisted of a sufficient number, or who should be the first to go out, while the secret to be guessed at was whispered round the room.

Lady Caroline, who really enjoyed the romping of children when not carried beyond the bounds which health and natural enjoyment demand, was by this time perfectly satisfied with her share of the evening's amusement; she therefore retired for a while to her own room, after charging the juvenile party not to allow their lively spirits to carry them beyond all bounds of reason, or all regard to the comfort and order of the apartment, now entirely given up to their use.

Lady Caroline was soon occupied with her own affairs; so much so, that she only listened occasionally to the merry sounds in the room below, which, however, grew considerably more boisterous, until at last they were interrupted by a tremendous crash, to which succeeded instantaneous silence.

Lady Caroline Grey was not one of those mothers who attach as much importance to the fracture of a piece of china, as to the breaking of a moral law; yet she was truly sorry—and she showed by her countenance that she was so—to find that a china vase, the gift of a parent long since deceased, was laid in scattered fragments on the floor. Could the whole of that evening's enjoyment have been gathered into one moment, it would have been far from equal to the distress which was now written



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upon every face; yet Lady Caroline reproached no one, made no inquiry into how the accident had happened; but feeling that as much blame attached to her own carelessness in leaving the room, as to that of the little party who remained, she stooped down to gather up the broken fragments, simply remarking, "My poor father gave me this china vase the week before he died."

"And now," she added, after taking up the last piece, "there is nothing left to hurt you. You can play again, only do so a little more moderately. But what is the matter with you, Ellen? It is far from bed-time yet, and you know I have given you leave to sit up an hour longer than usual."

The fact was, little Ellen was completely tired, and, burying her face in her mother's lap, she gave way to a burst of childish tears, the natural consequence of her over excitement. Fanny, too, was looking but little disposed to renew her play, for she knew the treasure this vase had always been to her mother; she knew also that she herself had had no hand in breaking it, but that she had often warned her cousins from going into that corner of the room; yet at the same time she shrunk from throwing the entire blame on them. They, on the other hand, stood silent and abashed, supposing that the anger of their aunt was only suspended for a season. And thus the evening closed—a whole evening of play, which Fanny had always regarded as equivalent to a whole evening of enjoyment.

"I think," said Lady Caroline Grey, when the little party were met again around her fire at the dark hour on the following day, "I think Fanny's whole evening of play has not been quite so suc-

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cessful as she anticipated. It answered very well for a while, and during one hour we all enjoyed it; but amusement may be spun out until it becomes absolutely wearisome, and when our natural spirits are worn out, and we have recourse to noise and violence, or indeed to any other forced means to make us merry, pleasure is sure to end in disappointment, and mirth not unfrequently in accident or distress."

"Oh yes, dear aunt," said James, the older boy, who now felt a little ashamed of the childish part he had acted, "you are perfectly right. We will not be so foolish and inconsiderate again. If you will give me leave to choose for this evening, I think I know what will please you better, and make us all more happy."

James was consequently allowed by the unanimous consent of the company to have his choice, and he proposed, with considerable importance, to tell stories.

"What! for the whole evening?" asked Ellen.

"And will you tell them all yourself?" inquired Robert.

Both questions were answered without hesitation in the affirmative; but before he was permitted to begin, one tried to stipulate that the stories should be short; another, that they should end well; a third, that all should take a part in their recital; a fourth, that any one who was tired might be allowed to go out of the room.

Poor James! these stipulations would have been rather discouraging to a mind of less enterprise than his; but he commenced his task, nevertheless, with considerable energy; and whether he had his

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stories ready, or they were made up on the spur of the moment, he certainly was at no loss for incidents, both extravagant and strange. He had, however, a slow stammering way of relating them, which tired everybody but himself; and as his stories had no moral, and no design in them beyond the amusement of the moment, when they failed in that, they failed altogether.

A story-teller may generally judge of his own skill by the effect he produces on his audience. Had James looked round, even before one hour had elapsed, he would have seen that Ellen was asleep, that Fanny was playing with her dog, and that his brother and sister were whispering and laughing, without hearing what he said. This evening's amusement was therefore considered a failure; and James, endeavoring to bear his disappointment with a tolerable grace, proposed the next day, that his sister should be the one to choose.

Now, his sister, though a modest girl, had one prevailing taste, which she was too apt to suppose that others were influenced by as well as herself; she therefore proposed, without hesitation, that the evening should be spent in looking at pictures.

Little Ellen clapped her hand at this proposal, and Fanny too was pleased; James was glad to join in anything that might cover his defeat; and Robert exclaimed, "Well done, Emma, you have made the best choice of all."

Lady Caroline Grey was of the same opinion, more especially as she wanted to be at liberty that evening to write letters, and she thought if the young people were well and quietly amused, she

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could write in the same room with them; for she had not so far forgotten the china vase as to trust her excellent collection of engravings entirely to their hands. She therefore took her seat at another table, only looking sometimes toward the little party, to see that they did no injury to the pictures at which they were looking.

To turn over a large portfolio of pictures without interruption or restraint, had always been regarded by the little girl who now took the lead in this amusement, as the greatest happiness she could enjoy; but there were now so many heads pushed together over the same piece, so many arms leaned upon the table at one time, and so many opinions given upon the same thing, that her annoyance was at least equal to her pleasure, and she sometimes thought even more. Ellen, for instance, would touch everything she pointed at; Fanny would lay her hand flat upon the faces, and make the company guess whether they were old or young; James would hold each picture a certain length of time before he suffered it to be passed on; while Robert called her heroes "fine fellows," and cared for nothing but dogs and horses. At last, when the evening was not more than half over, her annoyance had so far overcome her pleasure, that she called to her aunt, and told her she thought it would be better to put the portfolio away.

"Why so, my dear?" said Lady Caroline, surprised at such a request from her niece.

"Because nobody either knows or cares anything about the pictures, except me," was the reply.

"Then why do you not explain them to the others?" asked her aunt.



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The fact was, the little girl was fond of pictures only because they pleased her eye. She understood little more about their meaning than the rest, but she had put herself into a bad humor, because they did not see and value them as she did: and so this evening's amusement also was a failure, for even pictures quickly tire, when we know no moral, no meaning connected with them.

There still remained two of the juvenile party who had not made their choice, Robert and Ellen. It was of course the part of the former to speak first, and he fearlessly declared that he knew of a thousand ways of spending a winter's evening pleasantly.

"Then tell us one," said James, who had not found it quite so easy as he had anticipated. "Tell us one, and we will try that first."

"Why first," said Robert, "if it was daylight and summer-time—

"Daylight and summer-time!" exclaimed all at once—"we should easily know what to do then."

"If I was at home then"—said Robert.

"No, no, that will not do," said his sister, "you told us you knew a thousand ways of spending a winter's evening pleasantly, and now you fly off to summer, and home, and nobody knows what."

"And so I do," repeated the fearless boy again; yet still he went on enumerating all his favorite amusements; all which, however, were as foreign to the comfort of a winter's fireside, as the cold snows which lay upon the ground, to the sunshine and the flowers of summer. Robert was therefore judged incompetent to choose, and little Ellen was called upon to make her election for the following day.

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"I am quite afraid to choose," said the little child, looking round her with more timidity than any of the others had evinced. "I am quite afraid to choose, for we neither liked Fanny's play, nor James's stories, nor Emma's pictures long; and as I am the youngest, and know the least, how is it likely I should please you all?"

"But you can say something, my love," said Lady Caroline, "though you are a little child."

"Then I will make a choice, dear mamma," replied the child, "and it shall be this—that *you* shall amuse us through the whole evening."

The juvenile party were all too well pleased with the suggestion to allow it to pass by as the act of one who was too young to have a voice in the assembly; it was therefore unanimously agreed that Lady Caroline should be looked to as the responsible person for the amusement of the following evening.

"Let us see," said the lady, taking a slight review of the evenings that were passed, "let us see in what way we have failed, in order to profit by experience, and avoid the same in future. Fanny's play was all very well for a short time, and I propose that before the lamps are lighted we should try the experiment of a hearty romp again, more especially as the day has been so cold and wet, that few of us have had sufficient exercise to make us feel either well or comfortable."

Fanny's idea of happiness was therefore put to the test again, but with this precaution, that it should not be continued too long; and even before the tea was brought in, Lady Caroline had seated herself before the cheerful fire, and, taking little

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Ellen on her lap, had beguiled the company into that order and quiet which were necessary before sitting down to tea, by telling them of some poor families she had visited the day before in the village, and describing to them, in her own lively and touching manner, many instances of natural shrewdness, as well as others of integrity, gratitude, and affection, which she had met with among the poor.

The party sat down to tea that day with more real cheerfulness and satisfaction than they had yet felt. There was now no anxious calculation about how the rest of the evening should be spent; about whether their schemes would fail, the interest of their auditors flag, or the whole affair turn out a blank. All had enjoyed a reasonable degree of healthy bodily exercise, than which nothing can be more conducive to cheerfulness; and all had been just so far interested as to have their best feelings awakened, than which nothing can be more calculated to diffuse through any circle of society the genial elements of cordiality and good humor.

"And now," said Lady Caroline, when the social tea was over, "let us try again the experiment of looking over my engravings. But instead of all looking at once, and some looking across the table with the picture to their eyes reversed, let us look as if we really wished to enjoy the beauties and understand the merits of each.

"We will take them then in order, if you please. Every picture shall be passed round, and each of the party shall have an opportunity of seeing it the right way up, of seeing it for a sufficient length of time, and of seeing it also without the interruption of little hands being laid upon it—than which,

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allow me to observe, no stronger proof can be given of the total want of taste, or ignorance of the true value of good engravings.

"As James is the oldest, perhaps his historical knowledge will help us to some explanation of the scene before us, called 'Mortimer's Hole.'"

"Let me see," said James, examining the picture very carefully: "Mortimer's Hole is connected with Nottingham Castle, and Nottingham is in the neighborhood of Sherwood Forest. I dare say that bold fellow with his face turned toward us is Robin Hood, and these are his 'merry men all.'"

"I think," said Lady Caroline, "that in reconsidering the subject, you will find that Robin Hood and his followers were as little addicted to wearing armor, as they were to taking castles, either by stratagem or force. The former would have been a great encumbrance to them in the woods and wilds, where they lived chiefly by 'chasing the king's deer;' while in attempting the latter, even had they possessed the means of success, their own safety would have been sacrificed as notorious rebels, and violaters of their country's laws."

"Then I must give up my favorite hero, Robin Hood," said James, "and I am sorry to do that, for I am sure he deserves a picture being made of him as much as any of your knights in armor."

"Perhaps," said Lady Caroline, "we shall find connected with this place a hero at least as worthy of renown as your favorite Robin Hood. From some of the most ancient records of English history, we find that near the town of Nottingham was fought one of the famous battles between the Danes and *my* favorite hero, King Alfred, whose

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claims to the surname of Great are not inferior to those of any other sovereign in the world.

"With this particular scene, however, the events which distinguished his illustrious reign have no connexion, and I, like you, must be content to find the hero of my imagination figuring elsewhere. We approach somewhat nearer in the time of William the Conqueror, by whom the castle of Nottingham was built, and the place fortified; but still we have no clew to this particular scene; and though Richard Cœur de Lion is said to have assembled a parliament here previously to his departure for the Holy Land, and another after his return, his life was too much occupied by feats of arms in distant lands, to have left many records of deep interest relating to his exploits at home.

"The name of Mortimer will perhaps assist us in explaining this otherwise mysterious scene. You probably recollect that during the reign of that weak prince, Edward the Second, who did more harm to his realm by the choice of improper favorites, than by any crimes of his own, Roger Mortimer, a powerful Welsh chief, distinguished himself by his opposition to the then ruling favorites, Le Dispenser and his father.

"It was a year after the celebrated battle of Bannockburn, that the party of King Edward obtained a signal victory at Boroughbridge, where the same Mortimer and his nephew were taken prisoners, and afterward committed to the Tower. The queen Isabella, disgusted with her husband's weakness of character, and offended by his neglect, had then fled to the French court, where she formed a strong interest in her favor, being joined

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by many of the discontented party from England.

"Roger Mortimer the younger, having probably heard of the strengthening power of the queen, became naturally impatient of his close confinement; and though the part of the Tower which he occupied in company with his uncle, and many of their noble adherents, was a high and narrow turret, he despaired not of effecting his escape. In the hope of aiding this design, he is said to have administered to his attendant a powerful sleeping-draught, after which he broke through the wall of his prison to a part of the neighboring palace, where, being supplied with a ladder of ropes, he climbed up a chimney to the roof, and thus accomplished his design, though not without imminent danger of detection on his passage to the Thames, whence he escaped to the seacoast, and subsequently joined the queen at the French court.

"The poor weak king, whose cause became gradually deserted by all, some time after this offered a price for the head of Mortimer; yet such was the contempt in which he was held, that little regard was paid to this offer; and in proportion as his cause declined, that of the queen, and Mortimer, who was now her favorite, advanced.

"When civil dissensions enter a realm, and those who are most nearly connected, either by natural relationship or alliance, become enemies, they are always the most bitter and revengeful in the injuries they heap upon each other. It is possible that Isabella and Mortimer had no deliberate design, at the early stage of their intimacy, of perpetrating the crimes of which they were after-

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ward guilty; but they suffered themselves to be led on, from one thing to another, until, finding the king deserted by his friends, incapable of defence, and wholly in their power, they ventured so far as to have his person secured, though still he was surrounded with some pretence to regal dignity. In this state he remained for some time a prisoner at Kenilworth, but was afterward removed to Corfe, and Bristol; at all which places he is said to have been persecuted, or rather tormented, by a mode of treatment cruelly designed to break his heart, or destroy his reason. There is no doubt but this plan was adopted, in the hope that by such inhuman means the charge of murder might be avoided. These means, however, proved to be too slow for the ambition or hatred of his enemies; and the king was subsequently committed to Berkeley Castle, where he was murdered in a manner the most barbarous and cruel that human ingenuity could invent.

"Mortimer, whose counsels ruled the queen, had now no scruple in assuming the highest power in the realm; but, unfortunately for his interests, those who had aided his designs when their object was the same as his, grew as jealous of his authority as a royal favorite, as they must have been naturally distrustful of his principles as a man. Dark deeds, which in his humbler career had been connived at, were now brought to light; and the young prince especially, though little more than fourteen years of age, was indignant at the influence which Mortimer exercised over his mother.

"It was during the time of a parliament being held at Nottingham, to which the queen and her

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favorite had repaired in all regal state, that the storm long gathering against them appears to have arrived at its height. Mortimer, like all guilty men, was pursued by secret fears, and harassed by suspicions from which no human being could protect him. Though he and Queen Isabella occupied the castle, and though its strongly-built walls, and the commanding eminence on which it stood, might well appear to be proof against all enemies without, Mortimer is said to have put so little confidence in those within, that he always kept the keys of the castle himself, receiving them every night after the gates were closed.

"Notwithstanding all this care, it is more than probable he was unacquainted with a singular subterranean passage, extending from the court of the castle to the foot of the rock on which it stands. It is said that this wonderful passage was originally excavated during the invasion of the Danes, by some of the Saxon kings, for their better security; and there are many proofs of its having been used both for purposes of defence and protection in later times. The part which has obtained the name of Mortimer's Hole, is a narrow dark passage, branching off to the right, and communicating with the keep of the old castle, in which were the state apartments. Through this dark passage, then, the young King Edward was conducted by the governor of the castle, one night after Mortimer had as usual received the keys, and retired to rest, as he supposed, in perfect safety. Nor was it long before the silence of his chamber was broken by the whole party of armed men who followed the young prince in his enterprise, who burst



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upon him, seized his person, in spite of the tears and the entreaties of the queen, and dragging him out by the same passage, sent him direct to London, where he was shortly afterward executed as a traitor.

"Such, then, was the origin of the name of 'Mortimer's Hole;' and we ought to learn afresh by this little history, that there is no peace for the wicked; that, secure themselves as they will, they are never really safe; since those who have assisted them in their crimes are always the first to execute upon them that judgment which their crimes deserve.

"What a good thing it is," said James, led into a train of moralizing by the last sentence of his aunt, "that these wicked people lived such a long time ago; that the old castle of Nottingham is no longer the scene of bloodshed and disorder; and that, if we are not exactly better, we are at least wiser than people were then."

"I hope we are in many respects both better and wiser," resumed Lady Caroline; "but the scene you have chosen for your reflections is rather an unfortunate one. Look here!" and she held up to her wondering guests the picture of a castle in flames, with a riotous mob of men, women, and children, thronging the bridge and the road below, and evidently exulting in the destructive work of their own hands.

"What can be the meaning of this?" said James. "Surely the picture you now hold in your hand is not one of Nottingham Castle?"

"It is," replied his aunt, "a picture of the very same; the castle where Richard III. held his

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court, and summoned his forces to prepare for the battle of Bosworth Field; the castle where Charles I. planted the royal standard when pressed on every hand by opposing powers, and harassed by the civil discord of his realm. Perhaps I ought scarcely to call it the same castle, for during the protectorate the original edifice was dismantled and destroyed, by the order of Cromwell; but after the restoration, the site being claimed by the heirs of the Duke of Buckingham, it was sold by them to the Duke of Newcastle, by whom the building of the present structure was commenced in 1674."

"Then the fire," said James, "was owing to mere accident. For surely the English people, from so late a period as that, have been wiser than to burn their own castles."

"I am afraid," replied his aunt, "you rather overrate the wisdom of the present generation; for, see! there are unquestionable signs of rejoicing and triumph in the mob represented by this picture; and yet the fire took place at no more distant period than October 10th, 1831. Perhaps you were yourself too young to pay much attention to the great popular event, which at that time excited a strong interest through the country, the passing of the Reform Bill. With the political bearings of this important measure, you will become better acquainted when you are a man; and let us hope you will ever consider it an object of high attainment in your education, to acquire the habit of taking wide and impartial views of all subjects connected with the well-being of your country, and, indeed, of mankind in general. It is from

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the want of these expansive views, that party spirit is so often found to disturb the peace of society, and that ignorant men collect together, not to hear and learn the truth, but to inflame and excite each other's passions; until, like this blind and reckless mob, they rush upon any act of violence and destruction which happens to present itself to their minds.

"It is probable that among this mob there was not one person in twenty who knew what the nature of the Reform Bill really was; and yet it is equally probable, that the remaining number had talked themselves into a state of eager excitement, which nothing could satisfy but some work of ruin and desolation, in which they might enjoy the satisfaction of feeling their own animal power.

"In this state, then, they scaled the walls of the noble castle of Nottingham; and having effected an entrance into the court-yard, they then ascended the stairs for the purpose of breaking all the windows; after which they collected together all the materials best suited for burning, and having piled them up in different heaps, set fire to the whole, while their shouts and yells were echoed by as many wild voices from below. The fragments of old wood and other materials thus kindled, being so dry as to defy all attempts to arrest the fury of the flames, it was not long before the whole burst forth in one lurid blaze, of such appalling magnitude and height, that even the stately walls, and the proud commanding rock on which the castle stood, appeared as nothing in comparison with the body of devouring fire.

"This work of destruction is said to have been

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effected by a comparatively small number of ignorant and idle people. The respectable part of the population of Nottingham deeply deplored the loss their ancient town sustained; and when they look at the bare black walls—all that is now left of their once noble and important castle—they must often regret the blind ignorance, which in so short a time was able to destroy the work of years.

"And now," said Lady Caroline Grey, "as the night is advancing, and little Ellen is growing weary of hearing so much about these pictures, is it not time to put away all our amusements? None of you, I hope, are so sleepy that you can not join me in singing our evening hymn; and after that, James will, perhaps, read to us from a book which requires no pictures to make it both interesting and instructive."

In this manner the winter's evening closed. All the little party retired to rest, perfectly satisfied with the manner in which it had been spent; though none could tell exactly what was the secret of their happiness. Fanny, therefore, ventured to ask her mother on the following day, how it was that *her* evening had turned out so much better than any of theirs?

"Perhaps I can explain to you the cause in part," replied her mother. "You all began with a predetermination to fill up the whole evening with one thing; and you all chose the thing which was most pleasing to yourselves, without regard to its being so to others. One amusement—if it be amusement only, without instruction or benefit to the mind—soon tires; and it seldom happens that by pleasing ourselves first, we succeed effectually



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in pleasing others. A certain degree of bodily exercise is necessary to keep the animal spirits in play; but when this is kept up too long the spirits naturally flag and grow weary. Again, the experiment of story-telling is a great risk, unless we are gifted with extraordinary talent for it; and, therefore, when we venture to relate simple facts, we should look round to see whether our audience is attentive, and if not, we ought to be satisfied to leave off as soon as possible; for no perseverance of ours can make up for our want of skill. Pictures afford a fund of never-failing interest to those who have a taste for them; but to those who have not, they are altogether unmeaning, unless accompanied with historical or other interest. Had I regarded only my own pleasure on the evening you call mine, I should have sat down to write a letter, and perhaps made you all do the same. I take no merit to myself that I did not do this, but I wish to convince you that there is a method in making time pass pleasantly, as well as in everything else we would do with success; and in order to do this effectually, we must study the minds and characters of those we associate with, as well as endeavor to set aside all the peculiarities of our own that would interfere with their enjoyment.

"Since, therefore, there is no human being who can forget self entirely, none who can fully understand the mind of another, and none who can so far control events as to make them conduce to the end desired; it is God alone who can make any one really happy; though the more we try to do so, the more happy we shall become ourselves, at the same time that we are more amiable and more beloved."

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## THE INQUISITIVE BOY.

THERE is always a degree of pleasure in attending to the questions of children, when they themselves attend to the answers their inquiries draw forth. Thus it was the custom of Mrs. Dalton to encourage her son to ask questions about everything which interested or amused him, so that in time he obtained the name of the "inquisitive boy;" for though such was the love of his mother, and so great her desire for his improvement, she never thought of the trouble of answering whatever he asked; there were others who visited at her house, of a somewhat different opinion, and who occasionally put him off with answers which conveyed no information at all, sometimes because they did not want to be troubled, and sometimes, as he shrewdly supposed, because they did not exactly know what to say.

"I wonder," said Charles to his mother one day, "why you do not like the sport of fishing. Is it because you think it too quiet and dull?"

"By no means," replied his mother, "for at my age, to be what you call quiet and dull, would be a recommendation, rather than otherwise, to any sport in which I might be compelled to take a part; but, to speak more seriously, I never could see the *sport* of killing any animal whatever."

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"No sport!" exclaimed Charles, "in a good rabbit hunt, nor in going out with a gun? What is it you call sport, then?"

"I should call that sport," replied Mrs. Dalton, "in which both the parties concerned found entertainment. Certainly not that, in which, like hunting, shooting, and fishing, the amusement is all on one side; while terror, misery, and death, are on the other. This may seem to you a strange, and, as most boys would call it, an old-womanly notion; but the longer I live, the more I am convinced of the importance of keeping distinctly in our minds, the two ideas of killing and sport."

"But, mother," said Charles, with some impatience, "you don't mean to say that the killing of animals for our use is wrong?"

"Certainly not," replied his mother, "yet there is a wide difference between killing them only when it is necessary, and that as quickly as we can, and killing them in a cruel manner for amusement only."

"Then you would never have us eat fish, I suppose," said Charles, "for we can certainly do without it?"

"I do not see," replied his mother, "why we should not kill and eat the inhabitants of the water, as well as those of the air: and I should be sorry indeed to deprive the many poor fishermen who subsist by this means alone, of the honest and laborious calling by which they earn their bread."

"Fishermen!" said Charles, contemptuously, "I never thought of those old fellows, with their slouched hats and weather-beaten faces. It is the patient angler, like good Isaac Walton, that takes

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my fancy. And as to fishing being a cruel sport, you must, I think, allow that Isaac Walton was was one of the kindest and best of men ?"

"I have no wish," replied Mrs. Dalton, "to deny that your favorite was a good man, or that he was a kind one either. He himself told us that he took no delight in killing anything but fishes."

There was an arch smile upon Mrs. Dalton's countenance as she said this, which made her son suspect that she was not yet quite so fully convinced, as he wished her to be, of the desirableness of killing fishes merely for amusement; and he therefore went on with his argument, reminding her of a memorable observation of Dame Juliana Berners, prioress of a nunnery near St. Albans, a lady justly celebrated for her learning and accomplishments, who compiled a book on the art of fishing, from the only three works on that subject then known to exist. One of these had been printed in 1486, and another in 1496. The learned prioress, in recommending to her readers the precious relics she had thus been at the pains of preserving, uses the following quaint and remarkable expression: "Also ye shall not use this forsayd crafty dysporte for no covetesnes, to the encreasynge and sparynge of your money only; but principally for your solace, and to cause the helthe of your body, and specially of your soule; for when ye purpose to go on your disportes, in fyshinge, ye will not desyre greatly many persones wyth you, whyche myghte lette you of your game. And thenne ye may serve God devowtly in saying your customable prayers; and thus doinge you shall eschewe and avoyde many vices."

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"There! mother," said Charles Dalton, when he had turned to this passage, and read it with an air of triumph, "you see what an excellent thing fishing is, when it leads to such consequences. Hear also what good Isaac himself says," he continued, without allowing his mother time to speak. "'Doubt not angling is an art worth your learning; the question is, whether you be capable of learning it? for angling is something like poetry, men are born so: I mean with inclinations to it, though both may be heightened by discourse and practice; but he that hopes to be a good angler, must not only bring an inquiring, observing, searching wit, but he must bring a large measure of hope and patience.' Thus you see, mother," continued the exulting boy, "angling not only causes good and pious feeling in those who practise it, but requires many good qualities both of head and heart, to render the angler a proficient in his art."

"If," said Mrs. Dalton, "to be a perfect angler, is, in other words, to be a wise, good, and happy man, as your old friend Isaac seems to think, then I grant the truth of this last statement; but since an inquiring, observing, and searching wit, with a large measure of hope and patience, may be enjoyed as well by those who do not fish, as by those who do; and as these qualities may be employed to much better purpose; I am still of the same opinion with respect to the sport of fishing, that, considered simply as a sport, it is cruel and barbarous, and not worthy to be practised as an amusement by enlightened beings."

"Oh, mother! mother!" exclaimed Charles, "you should not say so much as that. Look

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at hunting, for instance. How much worse it is!"

"The fact of hunting being worse, does not make fishing good," replied the mother. "Yet so far as the latter is a peaceful, solitary, and meditative recreation, I grant it much less injurious in a moral point of view, than those which bring people together under feelings of strong excitement, and thus lead them too frequently into folly and vice. It is on the ground of cruelty alone, that I am opposed to the sport of fishing; and I can not help thinking that you would be so too, if you considered how much torture is often inflicted upon the bait, as well as upon the game."

"I never thought of that?" observed Charles, rather seriously.

"No, you never thought," replied his mother, "when the worm was twisting on your hook, that you were making the sufferings of one creature serve for the deception of another, to betray it to its death. But as you have quoted Isaac Walton to me, doubtless you will be glad to hear what he has to say on the subject of live bait.

"First, he advises that the fish, or the frog, which is used as bait, should be treated in such a manner as to preserve its life to the longest period; that is, to prolong its sufferings to the utmost that nature is capable of enduring. 'A perch,' says he, 'is the longest lived on a hook, and having cut off the fin on his back, which may be done without hurting him' (*the writer does not tell us how*), 'you must take your knife, which can not be too sharp, and between the head and the fin on the back, cut or make an incision, or such a scar, as

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you may put the wire of your hook into it, with as little bruising or hurting of the fish as art or diligence will enable you to do; and so carry your wire along his back, near the tail of your fish, between the skin and the body of it; draw out the wire of your hook at another scar near his tail; then tie him about it with thread, but no harder than of necessity, to prevent hurting the fish; and the better to avoid hurting, have a kind of probe to open the way for the more easy entrance and passage of your wire.'

"Now if, in the hands of a man so careful, and unquestionably so kind, as Isaac Walton, the fish used for bait was treated with this consideration, what must be the fate of similar victims in the hands of those thousands of thoughtless or cruel sportsmen who have never learned to regard it as a matter of the slightest importance whether animals are tortured or not. But let us hear what he has to say about baiting with live frogs."

"I don't think you need read that," interrupted Charles. "There are many things in the book better worth reading than that."

"Still I should like you to hear it," said his mother, and she read accordingly. "'You must thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive. Put your hook into his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the wire of your hook, and in so doing, *use him as though you loved him*' (*rather difficult to be sure*), 'that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer.'

"The writer then goes on to state how such live

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bait may make sport by being tied to the body of a duck, or a goose, and the bird chased over a river or pond. This refinement upon the art of fishing reminds me of the story of a gander told by a farmer in Scotland, whose property he was, and who had often been at great pains to restrain the wandering habits of his vagrant bird. Wishing to check this propensity, the farmer one day seized the gander just as he was about to take to the water, and tying a large fishhook, to which was fastened a piece of dead frog, to his leg, sent him in this way to pursue his voyage.

"The bait soon caught the eye of a greedy fish, which, swallowing the hook, soon stopped the progress of the astonished gander, who fluttered and struggled on the surface of the water, until ducked underneath by the pulling of the fish at the hook. In this manner the contest was maintained for some time; at one moment the fish, and at another the goose, appearing to gain the mastery. At last, however, the gander proved victorious, and bearing away to the nearest shore, landed among his cackling companions one of the finest fish ever caught in fresh water. This expedient is said to have answered the purpose of the farmer, by deterring the gander from ever again venturing beyond his own pond.

"But to return to your friend Isaac Walton. I must in candor confess, that in his curious book, 'The Complete Angler,' there is so much of gentleness, kindness, and good feeling, that I only regret his consideration should have been bestowed upon the mode of torturing animals with the least possible cruelty, rather than upon the pleasure of



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studying their habits without torturing them at all. There is also a healthy kind of freshness in all his descriptions of rural life and scenery, which renders his book altogether like a poem, rather than a treatise upon art, and particularly that of killing. Who, for instance, would believe that the following passage, scarcely inferior to any of our pastoral poetry, could have been written by one whose chief delight was in making sport of death? 'Look, under that broad beach-tree, I sat down when I was last this way a-fishing, and the birds in the adjoining grove seemed to have a friendly contention with an echo, whose dead voice seemed to live in a hollow tree, near to the brow of that primrose hill; there I sat viewing the silver streams glide silently toward their centre, the tempestuous sea; yet sometimes opposed by rugged roots and pebble-stones, which broke their waves, and turned them into foam: and sometimes I beguiled time by viewing the harmless lambs, some leaping securely in the cool shade, while others sported themselves in the cheerful sun, and others I saw craving comfort of their bleating dams.'

"We have here," observed Mrs. Dalton, "one of the sweetest pictures of rural scenery which I remember ever having met with."

"I can not help fancying, after all," said Charles, "that it must be something of this kind which gives to that strange book of Isaac Walton its indescribable charm. One seems to be living, when one reads it, in the very air and sunshine of which he writes, and to see the identical green meadows through which his favorite rivers flow."

"You are perfectly right, my love," said his

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mother, "and I wish every one was wise enough to come to the same conclusion. Let the sport of angling boast of all the pleasure which exclusively belongs to it; but let the green fields, the quiet streams, the fresh air, and the blue skies, also have their due, and do not suppose because you are happy under such circumstances as Isaac Walton describes, that it must necessarily be because you are catching fish.

"But beyond the consideration of cruelty already taken into account, there is another view of the subject which has always operated with me against the practice of angling as a sport; and perhaps I shall most easily explain my meaning to you, by asking you a few simple questions, instead of your asking them of me. In the first place, then, what are the qualities of head or heart most called into exercise by the complete angler?"

"I have told you what my friend Isaac says," replied Charles, evidently not unwilling to evade the question.

"Yes," said his mother, "but that is not what I ask you. I want your own opinion, not Isaac Walton's."

"It is a very difficult question," observed Charles. "I really don't know, but I think patience is most wanted, and that you know is good."

"Patience," replied the mother, "is good in a good cause; yet I think you would hardly call patience a merit in a tyrant who should wait for the surest opportunity of entangling, and then destroying, his victim."

"Then there is perseverance," said Charles, "and that I am sure is good, at least you often tell me so."

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"Of perseverance we may say the same as of patience," observed his mother. "Both are excellent when their object is good; but I very much question whether a sly kind of overreaching spirit is not more brought into action by fishing, than either of these qualities—a disposition to overcome in the end by subtlety and guile. Hence the stealthy steps and the silent movements of the angler, with the patient waiting which have been so extolled, but which to me have a treacherous sort of character, such as I have never been able to admire. You have spoken with contempt of the class of persons commonly called fishermen, that is, the men who derive their maintenance from catching fish; but to me there is something more manly and dignified in braving the storms of the ocean, or the vicissitudes of the season, in the pursuit of an honest and needful calling, than in strolling about the fields and streams, making pastime of the art by which a few harmless creatures may be beguiled to their own destruction."

"But the men of whom you speak," observed Charles, "are among the most ignorant of the community, while their homes are frequently the most wretched of human dwellings."

"I should think," replied his mother, "that fishermen are, as a class, the poorest of any who pursue an honest and necessary occupation. Perhaps none but the poor would subject themselves to the hardships they are compelled to endure."

"Not only are they poor and ignorant," continued Charles, "but if all we hear of them be true, they have ever been the foremost to connect themselves with smugglers, and pirates, and those law-

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less sort of people who are engaged in forbidden traffic with other countries. Look here!" he exclaimed, triumphantly displaying a picture which represented a scene on the coast of Shetland, "here are some of these fine bold fellows, literally stealing the rings from the fingers of a shipwrecked man."

"That very poverty of the fisherman for which you despise them," replied Mrs. Dalton, "has ever been the means of rendering them peculiarly liable to fall under the temptation afforded by contraband trading; while their ignorance has prevented their being sensible of the evils resulting from association with the daring and desperate characters by whom such trading is usually carried on. The picture before me, however, represents not fishermen, but actual pirates, who formerly infested in great numbers these northern shores. That bold promontory in the distance is Sunburgh Head, around which the waves of the ocean roll with such tremendous fury; and here, almost shut out from the rest of the world by the natural barriers of steril rock and foaming ocean, it may well be supposed that the adventurous spirit of those times when piracy prevailed to so alarming an extent, would find a fitting refuge among the solitary caves of these rugged and inhospitable shores."

"But how," inquired Charles, "is it possible for human beings to exist in such a barren, cold, and inhuman-looking place as this?"

"How? indeed!" replied his mother, "except by having recourse to the practice of fishing; and hence the inhabitants of these northern isles have,



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from time immemorial, derived a large proportion of their subsistence from this means."

"If the seas around them," said Charles, "are as unproductive as the rocks among which they live, they must be cunning fellows to make a livelihood by what they find there."

"In the distribution of the produce both of land and water," replied his mother, "we see not only the wisdom but the goodness of Providence, in leaving none of his creatures destitute. Those cold and stormy seas which extend from the Orkney and Shetland islands to Iceland on the one hand, and to Norway on the other, as well as along the eastern and western shores of Scotland to the Flemish banks on one side, and to Ireland on the other, constitute one great fishing domain, over which are plentifully dispersed different kinds of cod, as well as turbot, skate, soles, haddocks, and whitings, altogether including what is known by the name of the *white fishery*, and which affords to the whole of North Britain advantages of which its neighbors in the south are unable to boast."

"What kind of fish," asked Charles, "among those usually caught as an article of sale, is considered the most valuable?"

"Herrings," replied Mrs. Dalton, "are by far the most numerous, and the most extensively sold."

"Yet," said Charles, "the herring fishery is only carried on at certain times of the year. If they are so plentiful, why do not people catch herrings always?"

"Because," replied his mother, "these fish migrate like many kinds of birds, and are only found along our shores while on their passage southward."

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"Where do they come from?" asked Charles. "Where can they possibly spend their winter?" with several other questions, which he did not leave his mother time to answer.

"As the shoals of herrings invariably proceed from the northward," replied Mrs. Dalton, "making their first appearance in the neighborhood of the Shetland islands in April, it has been supposed by naturalists that their winter habitation is within the Arctic circle, under those vast fields of ice, where they feed upon the myriads of shrimps and other marine insects which abound there, and which also supply food for the gigantic whale. Here it is most probable they deposite their spawn, and hence they issue forth, silently progressing to the south in those immense shoals, the dimensions of which are measured by leagues, and miles, moving steadily along in close array, and in columns of such depth from the surface downward, as to have obtained the name among the northern nations of 'herring mountains.' Early in the spring these columns advance yearly from the north, in apparently undiminished numbers, though preyed upon by a multitude of enemies, as well from the shore, as the air, and in their native element; for even when unmolested by man, wherever they proceed, they have to meet the attacks of the grampus, the porpoise, shark, codfish, and even haddock; while if they approach the surface, they become the prey of innumerable seagulls, and other aquatic fowls, which hover along their moving ranks."

"And pray who eat these herrings?" asked Charles, "for we do not often see them brought to table."

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"They are chiefly salted, and cured for exportation," replied his mother, "and are in much greater demand in the Roman catholic countries than with us, owing to the frequency and length of their fasts, during which so savory an article of food forms a very agreeable variety to the poorer classes, who can not afford the indulgences which grace the tables of the rich."

"What fish do you think next in value?" asked Charles. "I should suppose the cod, and that you say is caught in the northern seas."

"I should rather think," replied his mother, "that the salmon is esteemed more highly than the cod, and consequently a more profitable article of traffic."

"And where is that caught?" asked Charles.

"The salmon is chiefly caught," replied his mother, "in rivers, or estuaries, and hence has come to be considered in many cases as private property. Scotland, again, has a very decided advantage over England in this fishery. From the extremity of the Highlands, as well as from the Orkney and Shetland isles, great quantities of salmon are sent to the London market packed in ice; and when the season is so plentiful that more is caught than the demand requires, it is pickled or dried for home consumption, or for the supply of foreign countries. The Tweed is one of the rivers most celebrated for its salmon, several hundreds being sometimes taken in it at a single draught. Some of the Irish rivers also are plentifully supplied with this fish, and this beautiful engraving represents a particular fall of the river Bann, at Colerain, in the county of Londonderry, which is

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remarkable as a place of capture for the salmon on its progress from the river to the sea."

"But why is this place called a salmon-leap?" asked Charles.

"Because," replied his mother, "there is a remarkable peculiarity in this fish, which has often astonished those who were not acquainted with its habits. The salmon, which is accounted the king of fresh-water fish, is accustomed to seek our rivers only at certain seasons of the year, there to deposite its spawn; and such is the determination with which it pursues its way inland, sometimes for hundreds of miles against the course of the water, that even a fall, such as is here represented, is no obstacle to its progress. Such, indeed, is the strength and perseverance of this fish, that by repeated leaps, and by seeking those parts of the fall where the water is least powerful, it works its way in time up to higher waters, and so on until it finds a suitable place for the safety of its young; the same fish, it is said, choosing always the same rivers to which they are accustomed. It has also been ascertained, that in going upward, the salmon will keep to the bottom of the water, where the current is weakest; while on returning, as it does in the autumn toward the sea, it will avail itself of the strength of the current by swimming near the surface."

"Thus far," said Charles, "the fishes we have talked about are tolerably interesting animals, but those hideous whales which seem to me to be nothing but huge masses of blubber—I never could tell how anybody could be induced to spend their lives in catching them."

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"And yet, I dare say," replied his mother, "that many a hardy seaman engaged in this occupation, would tell you it was a far nobler sport than standing all day by the side of a quiet stream, waiting for a bite from some little fish not bigger than your hand. Of our whale fisheries, however, the *sport*, as these men will sometimes call it, is by no means an important consideration connected with the subject. But I suppose it will hardly accord with your taste to enter upon any further discussion upon so hideous a monster as you think the whale?"

"Oh, yes!" said Charles, "I should like to hear something about the sperm whale; for if what we call spermaceti be a part of it, certainly that looks pure enough."

"Ambergris, too," replied the mother, "is one product of the sperm-whale, though all do not yield it. As much as fifty pounds of ambergris have been extracted from one single whale, and such is the esteem in which this article is held, that it sells frequently at one pound an ounce."

"But the spermaceti?" said Charles. "I want to know about that."

"I can tell you nothing more about the spermaceti," replied his mother, "than that the kind of whale in which it is found, is chiefly remarkable for the enormous size of its head, and that within the head is a large cavity divided into a great many compartments, filled with a kind of fine oil, which is fluid when the animal is alive; but which afterward assumes the concrete form in which we see it, when it is called spermaceti. The throat of this animal, unlike the Greenland whale, is so

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large as to be capable of receiving the body of a man; but the peculiarity which strikes every beholder as most remarkable, is the extraordinary size of its head, the length of which is about one third that of the whole body."

"How can the monster swim with such a head?" asked Charles.

"Instead of this head being an impediment to its swimming," replied his mother, "it rather adds to its agility, for the greatest part of it containing oil, the head has a tendency to rise so far out of the water as to assist the purposes of respiration; and when the animal wishes to increase its speed, the lower portion of the head bearing considerable resemblance to the form of a ship, the mighty animal, sometimes seventy or eighty feet in length, is thus enabled with the greatest ease to cut its way along the ocean."

"What a horrible thing it would be to meet," exclaimed Charles, "if one happened to be out in a boat, and just in its way!"

"You may well say so," replied his mother, "especially if you have ever heard of its blowing?"

"Blowing! what is that?" asked Charles.

"It is one of those peculiarities," replied his mother, "which distinguish this whale from others. By blowing, is meant the act of throwing up water from the snout, with a loud roaring noise, which it does on rising to the surface of the water at regular intervals; and when vast numbers of these stupendous animals are amusing themselves together in this manner, the effect of such a commotion upon the voyager who witnesses it for the

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first time, has often been described as truly astonishing. Perhaps you have never heard of this whale leaping out of the water?"

"Leaping!" exclaimed Charles. "Surely these moving mountains do not leap."

"They are said," replied his mother, "notwithstanding their size, to be remarkably timid; and whether from fear, or only in sport, sometimes perform astonishing feats of agility and strength, one of which is to descend a certain depth into the sea, and then, by violent strokes of its powerful tail, to increase its velocity, so as to dart completely out of the water; which extraordinary performance it generally repeats three or four times in succession, to the terror of the seamen who may have been bold enough to approach it. It has also a trick of rolling over and over on the surface of the water, especially when harpooned, in which case it will sometimes coil around its body an amazing length of rope. But you shall hear a short description of the sport of catching some of the smaller whales of this species, from Stewart's Journal, a book with which you would do well to make yourself familiar.

"'Yesterday,' says this writer, 'a shoal of large fish, a species of whale, were descried close to our ship. We were walking on the deck at the time, and had a full view of them, as they tumbled and spouted on their way just under the stern of the ship. Three of our boats were lowered, and manned in a moment, and a chase after them commenced. At the distance of half a mile we saw the darting of a harpoon; immediately after the water dashing high in the air; and then a boat

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rushing with astonishing velocity after the animal to which it was fastened. From a defect in the iron, however, this fish was not secured. Shortly after, the first officer struck another, which instantly spouted a column of blood ten or fifteen feet high, and began plunging in the agonies of death. He threw his immense body almost entirely out of the water, and, while dying, thrashed the waves until he was covered in a bed of foam.

" ' All hands were engaged in towing the prey to the ship, when another shoal appeared just under our bows ; a boat was quickly in the midst of them, as they sported along, unconscious of danger ; and one of the largest became alarmed only in time to receive a harpoon fully in his side, as he plunged round to escape it. He sprang once nearly his whole length into the air, and then diving into the deep, was soon out of sight ; but the swiftness with which the boat cut the waves after him, and the purple stream that marked its wake, told that the blow had been true. The boat continued to be hurried with the speed of a race-horse, first in one direction, and then in another, for more than half an hour before the creature died.

" ' Unaccustomed to such feats, the whole scene was to us an exhibition of singular intrepidity. The process in taking a full-sized whale is precisely the same. The boats for this purpose are of the most slight, and apparently fragile construction, formed to move with the utmost rapidity, and to ride even on the crest of a wave. The harpooner stands erect on the bow, with a firmness and gracefulness which practice only could secure ;



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while the boat bounds from height to depth, and from depth to height, of the swelling sea. At a proper distance, his eye fixed on his victim, he darts the instrument with a force which would seem inevitably to throw him from his narrow foothold into the water, while the floundering animal, writhing in the desperation of death, puts the boat in constant jeopardy.

" 'The danger is by no means imaginary; many boats are destroyed, and many lives lost, in whaling voyages. The line, hundreds of yards in length, to which the harpoon is attached, is coiled in a tub in the fore part of the boat, and permitted to run off according to the power and speed of the whale to which it has been fastened, while one of the boatmen stands with a hatchet to cut it off, at a single blow, in case it should become entangled, as the delay of an instant might prove fatal, and the boat be irresistibly taken down by the animal. It not unfrequently happens, that an arm or leg of some of the men is caught in the line, as it glides with the quickness of lightning from the tub; and should not the limb be at once severed from the body, the poor seaman is, in a moment, hurried to an irrecoverable depth.' "

" I begin to think, mother," said Charles, " that you and the eloquent writer of this description, have as high an idea of the *sport* of whale-catching, as I have of that of catching trout."

" I don't see why," replied his mother, " my own feelings should be supposed to be the same as those of the writer of this description; yet, perhaps, if I were to confess the whole truth, I should say, I have sometimes fancied, had I been a man, that I

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should have preferred, even for my sport, those occupations which required courage and effort, rather than those about which one must be stealthy and sly. As a mere amusement, however, that of catching whales would be as cruel as any other kind of fishing, and more objectionable than many, from the danger in which it involves the lives of those who pursue it."

"It has never occurred to me until just now," said Charles, "that whalebone must be a part of these great animals—their bones, I suppose, and yet it does not look like bone."

"You are right," replied his mother, "the whalebone, which is found in the true or Greenland whale, does not even answer the purpose of bone, as that is generally understood. The whalebone, or baleen, is suspended from the upper jaw of the whale, and consists of plates curved longitudinally, which give to the mouth the form of an arch. These plates, which are more than three hundred in number, are compactly arranged along the roof of the mouth, which is not supplied with teeth, and from their having a thick internal covering of hair, they serve to entangle and retain those small particles of food upon which this enormous animal subsists."

"Small particles?" said Charles, "I should have thought it would have eaten sharks at least, or perhaps dined upon a sea-horse, and made a supper of some score of porpoises."

"So far from this," replied his mother, "the food of the whale constitutes not the least remarkable feature in its character. I have told you they have no teeth, and therefore they can not prey

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on fishes bearing any comparison to their own size. Besides which, their throat is so narrow as not to admit anything larger than would be swallowed by an ox. Yet still they have their pasture grounds in the great deep, vast portions of those spaces where the whale is chiefly found consisting of what is called green water, while in other parts it is yellow or red; and on examination this color has been found to arise from the water being filled with myriads of animalcules, most of them invisible without the aid of a microscope; and although these extremely minute creatures are not immediately the prey of the whale, they constitute the food of the shrimps, cuttle-fish, &c., upon which the monster of the deep subsists. When the whale feeds, it swims with great velocity below the surface of the water with its jaws wide open. A stream of water thus enters its mouth, and along with it large quantities of minute animals, which the whalebone is so constructed as to detain, not allowing a particle the size of the smallest grain to escape. There is also another peculiarity in the construction of the whale, which is worthy of remark, as exemplifying the admirable adaptation of all the works of creation to the situation and the use for which they are designed. It would seem that an animal of the size already described, enclosed as they are in a blanket or wrapper of fat, which is called blubber, and which in some whales is so thick as to weigh twenty tons, would be too ponderous and unwieldy to make its way in the water, and especially to rise to the surface. Had this soft wrapper consisted of common fat, as found in other animals, such would have been the case:

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but the fat of the whale is in reality only a modification of the true skin, always firm and elastic, extending to the thickness of two or three feet, yet possessing such density and elasticity, that the more it is pressed, the more it resists, and thus it buoys up the living mass in the water; while at the same time, from being a bad conductor of heat, it enables the whale, which is a warm-blooded animal, to endure the cold of those northern regions which it chiefly inhabits."

"After all," said Charles, "wonderful as this monster unquestionably is, one never can feel any interest in so huge a mass of living matter, especially when one thinks of it as being enclosed in a blanket of fat."

"It is not, I confess," replied his mother, "a pretty idea for a drawing-room, if that is what you mean by being interesting; yet I imagine there are traits of character in the whale, which might raise it to some consideration in the opinion of those who value the feeling of a mother for her offspring."

"And pray what may they be?" asked Charles, not yet quite a believer in the interesting character of the whale.

"Its fondness for its young;" replied his mother. "I remember hearing an anecdote of a whale, and I believe there are many of a similar nature, fully authenticated—a whale and her cub who had got into an arm of the sea, where by the falling away of the tide, they were entirely enclosed. In this situation the people on shore came down upon them in boats, with such weapons as could be collected, and the animals were soon so severely



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wounded, that the water was colored with their blood. After several attempts to escape, the mother forced her way over the shallows into the depths of the ocean; but though in safety herself, she could not bear the danger to which her young one was still exposed; she therefore rushed in once more where the smaller animal was imprisoned, and as she was unable to carry it off, seemed determined to share its danger. The tide, however, flowed in before either were secured, and thus both were enabled to escape, though with a multitude of wounds."

"Thank you, mother," replied Charles, "for this long history about whales. I think I shall like them better for the future; at all events, I shall try to remember, when I object to any living thing on account of its being too large, that its affection may possibly be in proportion to its size."

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## THE DAME'S SCHOOL.

OLD age and childhood, how much soever they may resemble each other in their weakness, have few feelings in common. Old age makes few allowances for the mischievous vivacity of childhood, when its own peace is disturbed: and childhood is apt to show little respect for the peculiarities of old age. Both may be happy together, where discipline has not to be exerted on one hand, and where submission is not required on the other; but nothing could well be less conducive to improvement than the old system of education, by which the children of our villages were generally placed under the care of some antiquated dame, whose situation in the midst of her rebellious little flock, was scarcely less pitiable than theirs beneath her rod.

The proximity of a dame's school might generally be known from the confused hum which issued from its doors and windows; while on approaching nearer, the drowsy drawl of A—B—C, each letter pronounced with hesitation and difficulty, announced that some little adventurer in the path of learning had just commenced his literary career. How these endeavors were assisted and rewarded, might better be ascertained, by a peep into the interior of that close and thickly-peopled

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room; whe the old dame, with her black silk hood and great shoe-buckles, sat in state in a large arm-chair, with the birch rod uplifted in her hand, ready to switch the ears or the hands of the little frightened culprit, who, with all his stammering and fidgeting, and swallowing, as if to make way for a new idea, could not recollect the difference between *u* and *n*, nor whether *d* had its globular termination on the right hand or the left.

But if such were the difficulties of the alphabet, what was the consternation of him, who, having risen from his seat with a mouthful of grammar, which he trusted to discharge word for word, as a string of beads would be dropped from the hand—what was his consternation to find the string unexpectedly broken, and verbs, nouns, and adjectives —nay, all the parts of speech—mixing themselves together in one senseless jargon, from which he vainly attempted to select distinct portions by their mere sound: for, as to meaning, it was all one to him whereabouts in the sentence any particular word might stand.

And not to the luckless youth alone, who muttered these disjointed sounds, was the terror of that ancient dame rendered doubly appalling by her black hood, her uplifted rod, her pointing finger, and her huge buckled-shoes: to him who followed in the rear, and whose trial was yet to come, the panic communicated itself, as switch after switch denoted that it was before no lenient tribunal he must next appear. In vain he took breath and held up his book, and began the first sentence of his lesson again and again; his eyes would wander to the countenance of that old dame, to see if

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there was no relenting—no mild look about her eyes—no capability of a smile about the corners of her mouth.

In vain: that poor old dame had striven with naughty boys and naughty girls for the last fifteen years of her life, when her limbs were aching with rheumatism; her sight was dim, and her hearing so defective that she could not tell whether they said right or wrong; only from the general tendency of children to evil rather than good, she took the latter for granted. How could the old dame be otherwise than cross? Every day her labors were to be begun afresh; for those who had mastered the alphabet as far as *f* in the evening, could get no further than *b* when school-time came again. And then there were all the little infants sent to school to be out of the way, and the older ones would not take care of them, so they fell on the brick floor, and then cried the rest of the time: or went home with bruised foreheads, and then were taken away—so that the school lost credit, and the dame her means of support.

Nor did the poor old dame herself enjoy more than a temporary influence, restricted to the duration of school-hours. No love and little respect mingled with the obedience reluctantly yielded to her authority. When dislodged from her chair of office, her venerable figure was frequently an object of ridicule and mockery—while the moment her face was turned away, the discipline of her school gave place to every variety of mischief, and every degree of idleness.

Nor were the person and character of the venerable instructress exempt from insult in her less

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honorable avocations. When her cautious steps trod the pavement of the village, a presumptuous hand would sometimes attach a fanciful device to her sober and time-worn cloak, or a rude jostle would send her tottering to the edge of the bank, down which it was her greatest dread to fall.

Such was the life of the village schoolmistress; nor could all her assumption of dignity ameliorate its trials. Such also was the manner in which the seeds of education were sown in the olden time. Who can compare this method with our infant schools, as they now exist, and not feel that a work of improvement has commenced, the beneficial consequences of which will be felt by all ranks and conditions of society—most probably as long as the world lasts?

The first time I heard an infant school described, I felt great difficulty in giving credit to the statements that were made of the order, quiet, and enjoyment which prevailed among the children. I thought the narrator gave her own coloring to the scene, and secretly entertained the belief that she had seen it under unusually favorable circumstances; and such was my idea of the noise and tumult necessarily attendant upon the meeting together of so many "naughty children," that I felt no doubt but that if I could watch them through the day, I should occasionally hear all their voices as much united in the expressien of anger and distress, as they were at other times in harmony and joy.

It happened, a short time after my attention had been called to this subject, that I was visiting in a situation where I could distinctly hear every

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day the sounds which issued from an infant school, conducted on the modern system, and I was then struck with the fact that they were never mingled with discord or distress. They were, however, so strange and new to my ears, that I was tempted to go and see for myself the working of this new order of things, which I still believed to have been over-estimated by the friend who had first described it to me.

I entered a long low chamber, which certainly presented nothing particularly attractive in its general appearance; and here were met together between twenty and thirty little children, none of them exceeding six years old, and by far the greater number so young as apparently to require the attentions of a nurse, rather than a schoolmistress. In the midst of this group was a lady—for she was nothing less, and had been the wife of a clergyman—whose combined dignity and sweetness of manner seemed at once to command respect and win affection. She was in the prime of life, her energies unimpaired, and her whole attention appeared to be absorbed in a noble endeavor to carry out to perfection that new system of education, by which enjoyment is blended with instruction. Every eye in the little circle was fixed upon her face; for her looks, her voice, her movements directed the whole. In the same instant every hand was raised, and fifty little rosy palms were clapped at the same moment, beating time to the sweetest of all music—the sound of infant voices singing their "Maker's praise."

I should have said, before I beheld this scene, that it was one of which little children would soon

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become weary; yet such was the variety introduced, that the attention even of mere infants was kept always alive, while the desire of imitating those who were a little more advanced in years and experience, kept all their awakening energies just sufficiently on the stretch.

But the greatest charm of the whole was, that there was no jarring—no discord—no envious rivalry; all were intent upon doing well, upon doing their very best, and upon doing it at the same time; so that nothing was distinguishable but the unanimous effort of the whole; and that was so sweet and harmonious, so full of joy to each, and of cordial feeling to all, that instead of doubting any longer, I felt an involuntary impulse to offer up my thanks along with this little company to the Father of Mercies, that he was thus teaching them, along with the first lessons of instruction, "how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in love and unity."

May we not learn, then, from these schools, how much may be done by inspiring love, rather than fear; by awakening and employing the mind, rather than by confusing its thoughts and stupifying its energies; by making the season of youth one of natural and lawful enjoyment, rather than one of heartless and unwilling obedience? Above all, may we not learn how much depends upon united effort—upon not thwarting each other's endeavors to do well, but in joining together in heart, and hand, and voice, to do the will of Him who called little children to his arms, and said, that of "such is the kingdom of heaven."

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## AFFECTATION.

THERE are many kinds of affectation, which it would be difficult to describe under one general head. Though all may be said, in the first instance, to arise out of a desire to obtain the good opinion of others, or the fear of losing it, an affected manner of acting or speaking often becomes so habitual as to be quite beyond a cure; and thus it is important that young people should be warned against acquiring such habits, before they have become too deeply rooted to be laid aside.

Among other kinds of affectation, there is that of appearing to know a great deal, which is easily detected by those who know more. There is that of appearing to be very refined and delicate, which no one need be solicitous about, because if they are really so, it will appear sufficiently in their general conversation and conduct. There is the affectation of being witty, which always makes young people forward and pert. There is the affectation of being sentimental, which makes them ridiculous: and, worst of all, there is the affectation of being good, which makes them hypocrites.

Besides these kinds of affectation, there are others, too numerous to be named, and so extremely varied in the effects they produce, that a person who is remarkably affected in one particular way,



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will often complain grievously of the affectation of another.

There is, however, one means of avoiding affectation, either of language, look, or manner, which is almost certain to produce the desired effect; it is to think little about what others are thinking of us, at least of our individual actions at the time, and to be always in earnest and sincere. Not that we need be always grave, that is quite a different thing; but even when we laugh most, it should be because of the extreme drollery of the joke which excites our merriment; not because we wish others to see how cheerful and lively we can be. Thus there may be, and there often is, a great deal of affectation in a laugh, though there are few cases in which it is more unpleasant, or more easily detected. Indeed, a single unnatural, constrained, or affected laugh, will sometimes put a sudden stop to the hilarity of a whole party; while a good-humored, hearty, and perfectly natural laugh, will sometimes so powerfully affect others with its own feeling, that they laugh involuntarily, without exactly knowing why.

Those persons who try very much to produce an agreeable or striking effect in company, are most addicted to affectation; and in this manner young people sometimes speak in what they think a dashing, off-hand manner, about what they do not understand; while those who are wiser than themselves sit by in silence, wondering at their folly.

In order to convey a clearer idea of what is meant, it may not be out of place to speak of an old gentleman, who had so decided a dislike

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to affectation, that once when he was about to take a journey, he determined, if possible, to ascertain which of his nieces was most free from this fault, in order that he might select her as his companion; for as the gentleman was very rich, and very kind, and fond of seeing young people enjoy themselves in a rational manner, it was a great point with these young ladies to make a friend of Uncle Ellerton.

On the day he had appointed for them to meet at his house, they were all therefore highly delighted, not only because of the amusement they found there, but because each had a secret hope that she might be chosen as the companion of his contemplated journey.

When the eventful day arrived, Uncle Ellerton determined to make particular observations upon the conduct of his nieces, in relation to subjects which would be sure to fall under the notice of travellers; for he thought, if they are perpetually annoying me with their folly and affectation, I had better be alone, or with my old housekeeper who knows nothing, and therefore pretends to nothing. I will try them, however, thought he, with some pictures of scenery, and other things, and if they babble and talk nonsense about these, they may stay at home, for any wish I shall entertain for their company.

Among the nieces assembled that day, was one who enjoyed the superior advantage of having been abroad, and to her in particular Uncle Ellerton looked for some indications of that expansion of mind, which travelling is generally thought to produce. She was a very fine lady too, and spoke

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French with great fluency, which she was a little too fond of proving, by speaking in that language to those who did not understand it, forgetting that by doing so she was committing a great breach of good manners.

The experiment Uncle Ellerton tried upon his young visiters, was by the exhibition of a number of engravings; and the first of these was a view of the Castle of Chillon, which the young lady alluded to, whose name was Lucy, seized upon with great eagerness, telling every one in a moment that she had been there.

"Well?" said her uncle, in a tone of inquiry, and then he waited, in earnest expectation to hear more.

"Have you actually been there?" asked a younger niece. "How extremely interesting! How I do envy those who travel!"

"Did you see the rings attached to the pillars?" asked Fanny, a quiet girl who never went into raptures without knowing why. "Were there really three rings, or only one remaining?"

"Rings?" said Lucy; "I don't know what you mean. Our guide told us something, but we did not pay much attention, he was such a tiresome old fellow; and we were so enchanted to be thinking of Byron, and his delightful poem. It was so interesting and beautiful!"

"How interesting?" asked Uncle Ellerton.

"Oh, so exquisite!" replied the young lady. "The evening was delicious, and we had such a charming party!"

"But what has that to do with Chillon?" asked her uncle. "You might have had a delicious

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evening, and a charming party at home. I want to hear more about Chillon."

"At home!" exclaimed Lucy, with a haughty toss of the head. "What here, in this miserable climate? Delicious evenings here! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"Oh!" said Fanny, "were you out last night about eight o'clock? Did you see the sun set?"

"Not I, indeed," replied Lucy. "I never care to look at the sun here. And as to a sunset, there is no such thing worthy of the name."

"It satisfies me," said Fanny, very gently; and as no one else spoke, she could not refrain from again expressing the delight she felt in the calm evenings of her native land. "I suppose," she observed, "that in the climates of the South, where the sun sets in such brilliance and beauty, there is but little twilight, and I think I should find that a great want; for when I wish to think kindly of any one who has been harsh to me, I always go out in the twilight, and then it is that gentle thoughts are sure to come!"

"Superb!" exclaimed Kitty, a young girl of the party who had not yet spoken out, though she had been whispering nonsense to her nearest companion all the time. "How I do wish I could be sentimental and good, like Fanny;" and she tried to mimic her tone and manner.

"I was not trying to be good, at any rate," said Fanny, with heightened color, and tears starting to her eyes, "but I ought not to have talked so much about myself, when my uncle asked Lucy to tell him more about Chillon. Pray go on, Lucy, I will not be so foolish again."



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"About Chillon?" said Lucy, glad to find the conversation in her own hands again. "I could talk about Chillon all night."

"Go on, then," said her uncle.

There was a dead pause.

"I don't exactly know what you mean," said Lucy.

"I mean you to go on talking about Chillon," replied her uncle. "You are the only person in the company who has seen it, and we all want to hear what you have to say."

"Oh! I never shall forget it!" exclaimed Lucy, trying to look animated again. "It was so beautiful—so interesting!"

"I verily believe," said Mr. Ellerton, quite losing his patience, "you know no more about Chillon than I do myself. I want you to describe it."

"I can not describe it, uncle," said Lucy, looking very pathetic. "You should not ask me to go into detail on such a subject. We thought and spoke of nothing but Byron all the time we were there."

"And what of him?" asked her uncle.

"His delightful poem," replied Lucy, "so filled our minds, that we thought of nothing else."

"Nonsense! about the poem," exclaimed her uncle, "you could have read that at home. I want to know what is the good of travelling, if you do not bring something back which can not be obtained without the expense of going abroad. If you really felt that the place was either interesting or beautiful, you would be able in some kind of language to tell us how and why it was so. If

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you merely use those words because you think it right and proper for travelled ladies to use them, you had much better be silent."

"I think, uncle," said Fanny, "if you wish for a good description of the castle of Chillon, there is one in a book I have lately been reading, by Inglis."

"There is always freshness and good sense too in what Inglis writes," said Mr. Ellerton. "Open the book, Fanny, and read to us that passage, for I want you all to understand the difference between a clear and natural description, and one which is mere babble about beauty, and interest, and all that sort of thing, without any reason in it."

Fanny referred to the book, and quickly opening upon the page, read as follows, omitting only certain passages which were not immediately descriptive of the scene:—

"I left Vevay about four o'clock, taking a carriage as far as Chillon, where I sent it back, that I might enjoy alone, and at leisure, the interesting and delightful scenery of these beautiful and almost classic spots."

"There, uncle," exclaimed Lucy, interrupting the reader, "your favorite Inglis, you see, uses the words *interesting* and *delightful*."

"Yes, child," replied Mr. Ellerton, "but he uses other words besides. Read on, Fanny."

"I was particularly fortunate in the choice of an evening. The weather had been unsettled for a week previous to my arrival at Vevay, but the same evening it cleared up; and as I passed along the shore of the lake toward Chillon, all was beau-

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ty, serenity, and repose. About a mile from Vevay, turning a headland, the head of the lake opens to view, with Chillon's gray walls rising out of the water, and reposing against the dark woods that lie behind.—Clarens lies in a bay within a bay, and climbs up a gentle acclivity—gentle at first, but afterward steeper, and crowned with the old walls and towers of Chateau Chatelard. It is more a concentration of hamlets, than a village; and the walnut and fruit trees, and weeping willows that surround and mingle with it, form a perfect *Vallombrosa*. All the way to Chillon the country continues charming; and every moment the massive walls of the castle become a more prominent object in the magnificent picture that stretches around.

"Independently of the historic interest of Chillon, it is interesting from the beauty of its situation, from its forming one of the most conspicuous objects in one of the most enchanting scenes in the world. The castle is built upon a rock, which, in former times, must have fallen from the neighboring mountain: and both the strength of its position, and the strength of its walls, have more than once enabled it to make a stout resistance in times of trouble. A drawbridge leads into the castle, and I was, of course, conducted into the dungeons. The principal dungeon is large, cold, but not dark. Several stone columns run along the middle of it; and to three of these are still attached the rings to which prisoners were chained. It has often been reported, that these dungeons are below the level of the lake; but this is an error. The floor of the dungeon is about the average level of the lake.

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But although these dungeons are not quite so dark and damp as they have been represented, they are bad enough to have served as a fitting receptacle for the victims of tyranny."

The reader paused here, and Mr. Ellerton then asked if any of his nieces could tell him, what was the chief point of historical interest attaching to the castle of Chillon?

"Lord Byron's poem, to be sure," said Lucy, and she began to repeat the poem with great fluency.

"Can *you* tell me, Fanny?" asked Mr. Ellerton, taking no notice of Lucy's recital..

"I must not say now," said Fanny, "because my eye has just glanced over a passage in the book, where I see the name of Bonnivard, and that is the name I have been trying to remember before."

"How clever she is," whispered Kitty. "It reminds me of my little brother, who always repeats the last word of the chapter when my father asks him what he has been reading about in the Bible."

"Can you tell me anything about Bonnivard, Lucy," asked her uncle.

"I believe," replied Lucy, "the guide did tell us something about somebody of that name; but I really forget what, if indeed I ever knew."

"Would you like to know who he was?" asked Mr. Ellerton.

"I should," replied Fanny, "for I believe my ideas have been a little confused between him and the three brothers, whom Lord Byron supposed to have been chained to those three pillars."

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"Bonnivard," said Mr. Ellerton, "was a hero of the fifteenth century, who has, in some degree, obtained the fame of being a champion of liberty, though he might with greater propriety be called a fearless defender of his own rights. At the age of twenty-three, he was first imprisoned by the Duke of Savoy, for the space of two years; but he was soon in arms again, and fighting for the possession of his ecclesiastical revenues. On this occasion, the city of Geneva supplied him with the means of combating for his rights, and he, in gratitude for this timely assistance, made over his birthright to the city. Remaining still an object of jealousy to his old enemy, he was subsequently attacked by the emissaries of the duke on his way to Lausanne, and having been delivered up into his hands, was sent to the castle of Chillon, within whose gloomy vaults he was immured for the space of six years. At the expiration of this time, Bonnivard was liberated by the Bernese, who seized the castle, and set the prisoner free; but his troubles did not end here, for a succession of disputes with the Genevese, involved him in fresh difficulties, and at the age of seventy-five, he finished his stormy and adventurous career, having bequeathed to the Genevese republic his library, and some of his unpublished manuscripts, among others a history of Geneva, at which place they are still to be seen."

To this tedious and lengthy recital, as she thought it, Lucy had been listening rather impatiently, because she liked nothing so much as hearing herself talk, when she thought she was talking cleverly, or in a more dashing and spirited style

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than her companions were equal to. It was, therefore, very tiresome to her to listen to other persons, when she had nothing to do but learn; and thus, as soon as her uncle had ceased for a moment, she turned again to the engravings, and, taking up one which represented the ducal palace at Venice, exclaimed, with an air of something like ecstacy, "Ah! this is Venice! It makes one's heart thrill to see the very name!"

"Why so?" asked Mr. Ellerton.

"Oh! because of the gondolas, and the Bridge of Sighs, and Lord Byron's Doge," replied Lucy.

"And what about all that?" asked her uncle, with the same coolness as before.

"Do tell me," said Fanny, "all about this Bridge of Sighs, of which I hear so much, and know so little."

"The Bridge of Sighs," Lucy began, with a tone which implied—"You ignorant creature! If you don't know anything about it, everybody else does."

"Yes, come," said Mr. Ellerton, "tell Fanny all about the Bridge of Sighs. You see she is a little ignorant girl, and not so well read as you are, at least in the poetry of Byron."

"Oh! the Bridge of Sighs!" said Lucy again, looking with great compassion at her little cousin Fanny—"It is so dreadful! so interesting! There was a beautiful engraving of in one of the annuals. I dare say you remember it?"

"Perhaps I do," said Fanny, "slightly; but I am sure I have forgotten its history, if indeed I ever knew it, and it is that I ask you to tell me."

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"Yes, its history," said Mr. Ellerton. "Why, in the first place, is it called the Bridge of Sighs?"

"There is something very melancholy in its history," said Lucy, "I hardly know what. But everybody knows about the Bridge of Sighs?"

"It seems *you* don't," said Mr. Ellerton, "I think that is very clear; and henceforth I would advise you, my dear, to be a little more careful how you talk about what you do not understand. Besides this, I would advise you also not to look and act those violent emotions of interest, which it seems there is no foundation for, even in your own mind; for, let me tell you, falsehoods may be looked and acted, as well as spoken, and when young ladies go into raptures, and cast up their eyes, and have thrillings, and tremors, and nobody knows what, at the sound of a name, or the sight of a picture, we naturally suppose that they have made themselves fully acquainted with some history which that picture or that name recalls; and if we did not think so, and give them credit for such knowledge, they would be very much disappointed. What then, shall I say, if, on closely questioning them, it is discovered that they have all the while been utterly ignorant of any fact whatever, to justify such an exhibition of pretended feeling—what shall I say?—that they have acted a lie? I will not say anything so strong as that in the present instance, but I will warn you all that such acting may come to that."

"Then, uncle, do you mean to say," asked Lucy, not quite so much abashed as one would have supposed by this reproof, "that one must never look pleased, or express interest in the sight of any-

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thing, with the history of which we are not thoroughly acquainted ?"

"That would be a hard sentence to pronounce," replied Mr. Ellerton. "I should rather say, Look exactly as much pleased as you really are, and don't mistake the pleasure you feel in *looking pleased*, for the pleasure you derive from the thing itself. It is so much better to keep within, than to go beyond the limits of truth in everything we say and do, that I would advise young women rather to conceal the excess of their feelings, than to exaggerate them in the exhibition. Besides which, we should learn to feel appropriately, both in kind and degree; and she who goes to the extent of what she is capable of, on such an occasion as we have witnessed, who, in short, goes into an ecstacy at the sight of a picture, is not likely to have any suitable proportion of feeling left for the return of her mother after a long absence. But to return to the ducal palace, for we have wandered through a long labyrinth since we thought of that, having been so ably conducted over the Bridge of Sighs by my niece Lucy!

"The ducal palace at Venice was originally built in the ninth century, but having been repeatedly destroyed by fire, the present aspect it presents can claim no higher antiquity than the fourteenth, it having been thoroughly rebuilt about the middle of that century by Marino Faliero, who was so unfortunate as to be beheaded in his own palace, upon the broad space ascended by that beautiful staircase of which our poets have written for Lucy's satisfaction, describing the hoary head of the old doge as rolling down them from the block



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on which he was decapitated. Perhaps Lucy will be kind enough to tell us, in the language of one of her favorites, a few more particulars of this sad history."

Uncle Ellerton paused here, to allow Lucy time to speak; but it happened her memory was at fault this time, and she had nothing to say. Mr. Ellerton therefore went on—"The building, as you see, is not after the most elegant or the most approved style of architecture, being heavier and more massive in the upper than the under portion, which is always in bad taste. Indeed, one traveller has been impertinent enough to compare it to an immense chest of drawers, the whole front being supported on a row of short pillars, which have been rendered still shorter by the raising of the ground subsequently to the erection of the building. The interior of the palace, however, offers much that is worthy of the attention of the traveller. The library, of which Petrarch was one of the founders, is adorned with many valuable paintings, among which are the portraits of all the doges, except that a black space with an appropriate inscription indicates the spot where that of the unfortunate Marino Faliero should have been. There are also many beautiful specimens of sculpture in the same hall, one of which is thought to be the work of Phidias himself.

"But the apartment which excites a deep interest is that council-hall in which assembled the far-famed and sanguinary divan, under the pretence of watching over the public good; and here the door is still shown, through which the miserable culprit, judged and condemned in secrecy, disap-

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peared for ever. It is remarkable, that over the throne of the doge in this apartment, is one of the most celebrated paintings of Tintoret, representing the Last Judgment; and one would almost have supposed that such a subject, so powerfully delineated, would have impressed upon the minds of those who met before it, the importance of preparing, by the exercise of justice and mercy, for that last tribunal, before which, without distinction of rank, all must appear.

"This hall is also much ornamented by the works of different masters, among which are several by the pencil of Paul Veronese. But splendid as is the aspect imparted to the whole scene by these exquisite performances, the brilliant coloring of which has so long withstood the lapse of time; there are, within the remoter recesses of the palace, apartments of a far different character. In that portion of the building which overlooks the narrow canal spanned by the Bridge of Sighs, remain the tribunal and the dungeons of the state inquisition, from which the step of the intruder was once so carefully excluded, but which were thrown open by the French on taking possession of the place, and which have ever since been exposed to the curious observer, who may wish to penetrate into their dark passages, and hideous vaults.

"The supreme council who sat in judgment upon the wretched criminals brought before this tribunal, were composed of three grand inquisitors, chosen from the council of ten, and the private council of the doge, who was not himself a member. The room in which they met was hung

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with black, and in order to increase the horrors of the scene, the powerful pencil of Tintoret had been employed to figure upon the ceiling different instruments of torture, and their mode of operation. From this apartment there are two doors communicating with the dungeons, by one of which the prisoners were brought to be tried, and by the other taken away. A traveller has described the staircase leading from one of these, as being almost totally dark, and terminating in a trap-door, fastened by a number of locks, which again led to another steep and narrow staircase, conducting to an iron door; and so on, darker and more dismal, until the fearful dungeons were reached, shut out from the light and air, and sunk considerably below the surrounding water. The same traveller describes the fall of the heavy trap-door behind him, as ringing through the damp vaults he was just entering, and sending such a thrill through his heart, that he fancied he could almost form some idea of what must have been the feelings of those who heard the same sound, knowing themselves doomed to be buried alive within these dreadful abodes.

"There are four stories in these once living tombs, each containing a separate range of passages and dungeons, from which light is excluded. The cells in these are small and vaulted, and scarcely high enough for a man to stand upright. The walls and roof are lined with iron; an iron shelf and a broad wooden board, serving at once for table, chair, and bed, such being the only furniture they have ever contained.

"After emerging from these frightful vaults, the

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traveller proceeded along another passage and staircase of the same melancholy description, to the Bridge of Sighs, which is a covered gallery, with narrow gratings at the sides to admit air, and is crossed by an iron door. Near to this, another door formerly opened into a little chamber, into which the prisoner who once entered, was seen no more; for in this place he was strangled, and his body cast into the canal below.

"Now, Lucy, do you not think there was some reason for this being called The Bridge of Sighs?"



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## ANCIENT CASTLES.

"What a charming picture of an old English hall," said Bertha to her mother, "and how happy people must have been when they lived in such secure and stately apartments, surrounded by everything so rich and grand."

"It does, indeed, look very inviting," replied Mrs. Morton; "the old oak furniture, the highly-finished carved work, that princely couch, and, above all, the little secluded recesses in which the windows of such mansions were always placed, do indeed give us an ideal picture of social comfort, security, and repose. We read, too, of the hospitable entertainments, the Christmas festivities, and the family gatherings, which were wont to take place in the old English halls; and we half persuade ourselves that these must have been happier times than ours, and that we should like to go back again, to live in that stage of our country's history, when the great lords and barons ruled like little kings over their own territories, and held their own little courts within the walls of these mansions."

"It is, however, only on one condition," said Bertha, "that I think we should, any of us, be willing to go back; and that is, that we ourselves should belong to the families of the great lords

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or barons, and not to the people over whom they ruled."

"You are right, my child," said Mrs. Morton, "and if we examine the subject further, we shall see that the times to which we allude, were in reality not nearly so happy as our own. This ancient building, for instance, the interior of which is here represented, is situated in Westmoreland, in the midst of fertile grounds, beautifully diversified with the richest woods, above which are often seen the summits of bold and craggy hills. Unlike many other structures of ancient times, it has not been suffered to fall to decay, but has been repaired in a manner corresponding to the original design, so as to present one of the most perfect specimens to be found in the present day, of that particular style of building. The interior is elegantly furnished, and adorned with good paintings; and the dining-room, a lofty and spacious apartment, is ornamented with a ceiling and wainscoting of the most richly carved oak. That particular apartment which forms the subject of this picture, is called the Queen's Room, from the circumstance of Catharine Parr, the last queen of Henry the Eighth, having spent several nights here after the death of the king. It does, indeed, appear to be worthy of the occupation of a queen, but we may better judge of the extent and importance of the whole establishment, by reading in our national records, that in the time of Henry the Sixth, the owner of this mansion could take to the border wars a force of 290 well-trained fighting-men. We have, however, no stronger proof of the wretchedness and violence of these times, than the fact, that

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the power and influence of the lords and barons was reckoned, not so much by the property which they held by lawful and secure possession, as by the number of men they could call around them, to take into the field of battle. Even this quiet and peaceful-looking mansion has its embattled turrets, its winding stairs, and a strength of masonry which sufficiently prove that a well-appointed garrison was required to defend these elegant apartments, and the festal scenes they may be supposed to have occasionally presented, from the violence of feudal discord, and the fierce irruptions of lawless depredators."

"Still," said Bertha, "there seems to me something glorious and great in defending one's own possessions, at least in having the power to do it, against all the world; and I often think if I was rich, that I should like to build myself a great castle, and live in it like some of the princesses of old."

"I am afraid you would look rather foolish," said her mother, "surrounded by your thick walls and massive turrets, without an enemy to assail them."

"Oh!" replied Bertha, "but I should like a few enemies, at least I should like to hear of a few at a great distance, or I should have no pleasure in my security."

"Ah! my child," exclaimed her mother, "do you not find enemies enough in your own temper, and your own heart, without wishing for enemies to your personal safety? But now, I hope you will be patient and attentive, while I go into the subject a little further, and endeavor to explain

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to you the real circumstances which gave rise to the custom of building these massive and well-defended habitations. I confess with you, that the interior of these structures looks pleasant enough, when we imagine them well filled with social guests, well lighted, and well warmed with cheerful fires; but when we think of the state of things without, and of the acts of treachery which often took place within such walls, we become more thankful for the peace and plenty which, in later times, have rendered our country less romantic as a subject of history, but certainly more happy.

"You know that the idea of defence would never occur to those who had not first the fear of injury. In a nation where there is no true religion, and no just laws, every man takes what he can get from his neighbor; and thus the strongest soon become the most wealthy. This superiority of wealth increases his danger in proportion to the injury and wrong he has done his neighbors, and he must, therefore, secure his possessions by every means in his power, or he will soon fall into the power of his multiplied enemies. Under such circumstances, there is no doubt that fortified castles were originally built; and when the possession of property, which was at first the gift of kings to their subjects, became hereditary, and descended from father to son for ever, unless forfeited by some misconduct or offence against the sovereign, there was still more need to defend what was by this means so much increased in real value.

"It seems very probable that the simple inhabitants of Britain, who knew but little about architecture at the time of the Roman invasion, may

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have learned a good deal which afterward became useful to them, from the great wall built by the Romans across the narrowest part of the island, from the two great friths, the Clyde and the Forth. This wall was erected for the purpose of keeping out of the possession they had obtained by conquest in the south, those wild people of the north, the Picts and Scots, whom they could not conquer either by stratagem or force. Along the wall were many towers, defended by soldiers, who at least might give the alarm in case of any attempt being made to pass this formidable boundary. Not only Britain, however, but France and other countries, had afterward to defend themselves from a common enemy, in the wild and warlike Danes, or Northmen, who gave their name to Normandy, and whose incursions were of a nature so irregular and predatory, that the customary modes of warfare were of little avail against their depredations. There were also other enemies to the public welfare, which the constant wars of France and England had brought upon themselves; and to these may be attributed in a great measure the necessity which arose for defending and fortifying, not only the habitations of private gentlemen, but most of the towns and cities of the more wealthy and civilized parts of Europe.

The constant wars in which the sovereigns of these countries engaged had induced them to encourage the association of numerous bands of lawless men, whose occupation was rapine and bloodshed, and who, without any regard to the monarch who employed them, or the cause in which they fought, assembled themselves together, and act-

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ed according to the orders of that leader who was able to pay them most liberally. Such mercenaries appeared at that period to be a needful but dangerous resource in time of war; but no sooner was a battle lost or won, than they became the greatest pest that could be inflicted on the people at large. They had no settled home, and no regular means of subsistence; but ranged at will over the face of the country, leading idle and dissolute lives, at the expense of the peasantry, and breaking every law, without a possibility of bringing them to justice. It is related of King Philip of France, who was also called Augustus, among many public changes which he brought about for the good of his country, that he ordered the citizens of the large towns to secure their cities with fortifications, in order to ensure the means of repulsing the attacks of these roving brigands, though it was not until many years later that they were finally expelled from his kingdom. In the time of King Charles, justly called the Wise, another effort was made to rid the country of these its internal enemies. Application was made by the king of France to Edward III., of England, who resolved to fight against them with a great army. But the king of France objecting to the entrance of so many foreign troops into his kingdom, he was left to rid himself as well as he could of this public and private scourge; and his next resource was to send out some of his bravest generals, to engage them in distant and dangerous wars. These mercenary soldiers were called "*free companions*," and as they increased in numbers, and in power, they assembled themselves in towns, and occupied castles

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which they had taken, and where they made their living by force at the expense of the neighborhood. Many of them rose by being captains of these lawless robbers, into knights and generals of great importance. The description given of some of these men by the ancient historian Froissart, will best enable us to form an idea of their situation and character.

One of the most important of these was Geoffrey Tétenoire, who, by means of bribery, obtained possession of the strong castle of Ventadour for himself and his company. Here he carried on his profession with great success. "He was a hardy man," says the historian, "who knew neither fear nor pity, and would put to death a knight or a squire as soon as a peasant, for he cared for no one; and was so much dreaded by his men, that none dared displease him." In his castle he held a kind of market for the neighboring country which he kept in subjection, and here were to be seen the most valuable goods as plentiful as in the city of Paris. His castle was furnished and prepared for a siege, even if it should last seven years. In this situation he attacked the English as well as the French, and carried on his lawless course, more dreaded than any who held rightful authority in the country where he lived. He died at last by a shot from a cross-bow, acknowledging that he lived chiefly in the service of the king of England, because he was the most liberal paymaster, and with his last breath bequeathing the different sums of gold he had amassed, not forgetting to relieve his conscience by giving a hundred marks to

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be spent in repairing the chapel of St. George in his own castle.

"Now, my child," added Mrs. Morton, "do you think you should have liked such an enemy as this?"

Bertha shook her head, and her mother went on.

"Or, if Geoffrey Tétenoire would have been too fierce and terrible an enemy, the same historian tells us of one who seems to have been of a livelier turn of mind. This was Ameryot Marcel, who lived at the same time, and who was persuaded by some of the French lords to accept of a bribe to forsake his lawless habits, and live a life of peace. Of this, however, he was soon weary; and Froissart tells us that he lamented his change of condition in the following words: 'To pillage and rob was a good life, sirs,' he said to his companions, 'there is no sport nor glory in this world among men of war, but to use such life as we have done in time past. What a joy was it to us when we rode forth at adventure, and sometimes found by the way a rich prior or merchant, on a route of mules of Montpelier, of Narbonne, of Toulouse, or of Carcassonne, laden with Brussels cloth, or with furs coming from the fairs, or of spicery ware from Bruges, from Damascus, or from Alexandria. Whatever we met, all was ours, or else ransomed at our pleasure. Then, for our living, the peasants of Limosin daily brought to our cattle wheat flour, ready-baked bread, forage for our horses, good wines, beeves and fat sheep, pullets and wild-fowl. We were furnished as though we had been kings; when we rode forth, the whole country



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trembled for fear; all was ours, going and coming.'

"With these regrets for his early life, Marcel resumed his former profession, but was delivered up to the legal authorities by a kinsman in whom he trusted. He was deprived, as might have been expected, at once of liberty and life: and the record that is preserved of his lawless career may teach us a useful lesson in forming a higher estimate of the privileges we enjoy under more enlightened institutions, and more equitable laws."

"Still I should think," said Bertha, "that these strongly-fortified castles, which looked so grand and majestic, must have been useful sometimes in protecting the innocent from the violent treatment of the bad."

"Unquestionably they were," replied her mother, "but it is lamentable, that history records a much greater number of instances in which they were the means of enabling wicked men to carry out their malignant and revengeful designs. We ought, however, to remember, that it is the part of history to record astonishing and violent deeds, while the great virtues of good men are often known only to their heavenly Father who sees in secret. And thus we ought not to be discouraged with the wickedness we read of in history, but bear in mind that the violent and destructive nature of evil is generally the means of bringing bad actions to light, while the opposite nature of good, renders it less conspicuous to the world."

"But, mother," said Bertha, "there could have been no heroes, without these bloody and warlike times had compelled men to be valiant and brave."

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"No heroes, certainly, if by a hero you mean a man arrayed in steel armor, with a helmet on his head, brandishing a sword, and offering to do battle with any one who will fight with him. But, my child, there is less true heroism in defending the walls of a strong castle with battle-axe and spear, than in suffering patiently unjust rebuke—in bearing the evils incident to humanity with meekness and resignation to the will of God—and while our good is evil spoken of by men, in going on to do good, with singleness of heart, simply because it has been enjoined upon us by our blessed Savior."

"That which you call heroism does certainly require more self-denial," said Bertha, 'because in the great and valorous deeds which history records, the pride and glory of those who suffered must have been almost equal to their pain. Still it must have been better for the country that men should build those great castles; for had there been no place of security for their prisoners, many would have been put to death, who, in the course of time, were able to effect their escape—our brave and noble Richard Cœur de Leon for instance."

"Yes; but in tracing out his history we shall see that if in one instance his life was preserved by this means, in another it was lost. Even that high and ocean-bound edifice of which we have so beautiful a picture, though dedicated at first to religious purposes, has its own record of suffering and wrong.

"Henry, the youngest son of William the Conqueror, was besieged here by his two brothers,

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William Rufus, and Robert Duke of Normandy; and but for the compunction of the latter must inevitably have perished within these massive walls. He and his garrison were reduced to the greatest extremity for want of water, with which, however, his brother Robert, who was of a generous disposition, supplied him; and when reproached for having done so by William, his answer was 'What else could I do? he is our brother. Had he died for lack of water, how were we to supply his loss?' This castle, or monastery, is situated on a pyramid of rocks, called St. Michael's Mount, within fourteen miles of the Land's End, and communicating with the main land at low water only by a causeway of stones embedded in the sea sand. Tradition recounts, that this mount has been separated from the shore by some great convulsion, and that at the same time one hundred and forty churches were swallowed up by the sea between this place and the Scilly Isles, though the precise time of this convulsion no one pretends to know. To the castellated monastery on the summit of this mount, it is said that a pilgrimage was made by a British virgin, St Keyna, in in the year 490, and there is reason to believe that some kind of religious establishment existed upon this height during the whole of the Saxon dynasty. After the conquest, this monastery was made to belong to one which was situated on a similar mount on the coast of Normandy, but was eventually granted to the nunnery of Sion, in Middlesex. The circumference of this mount is about a mile, and its height from the level of the sea two hundred and thirty-one feet. At its base is a small

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pier, and about eighty dwelling-houses, ranged in two or three streets, and chiefly inhabited by fishermen and their families. The summit is entirely occupied by the remains of the ancient monastic and castellated buildings, which occasionally form a residence for their present owner, by whom many improvements have been made, particularly in the old chapel, and in the dining-room, which contains representations in stucco of the various modes of hunting the wild boar, the bull, stag, ostrich, hare, and rabbit. From the leads of the tower, to which access can only be obtained by a very narrow staircase in one of the angles, the prospect is of the most sublime character, particularly when dark sullen clouds are rolling over the distant ocean, and the fisherman's swift bark skims lightly over the waves, dashing the white spray before it, and leaving, though but for a moment, a path of foam behind."

"I think," said Bertha, "I should hardly choose my castle to be placed on such a rock as this. It must, when the storms are raging around, be too wild and desolate for comfort. But did you not say that my favorite hero, Cœur de Leon, had suffered more than he gained by these castles?"

"Much more, inasmuch as he suffered the loss of his life. You are already acquainted with the exploits of your hero in what are called the Holy Wars; but as you are never weary of hearing of him, I will recall to your remembrance this part of his eventful life, and I will do it as nearly as I can, in the words of a much better historian than myself. While his European dominions were exposed to an ungrateful brother, and a faithless ally,



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Richard was rivalling in the Holy Land the imaginary actions of the champions of romance. He conquered Cesarea and Jaffa; he drove Saladin before him for eleven days of continued battle. He defied armies with a handful of men, and challenged to combat, in his own person, an extended line of thousands, not one of whom dared quit their ranks to encounter him. He even came within sight of Jerusalem, but declined to look upon the sepulchre, which he found himself not strong enough to gain by battle. In the midst of these wonderful exploits, Richard was recalled by the intrigues of his brother and the king of France. He embarked with his accustomed precipitation, having made a hasty peace with Saladin, and leaving a name in the East, with which, long after, the Saracens were wont to chide a starting horse, asking it if he thought the bush was King Richard, that he sprang away from it.

"Richard's embarkation was the beginning of a series of calamities which gave time to the king of France to arrange his treacherous plans. Richard was shipwrecked on the coast of Dalmatia, and was betrayed into the hands of a powerful duke, whom he had mortally offended. This duke seized the opportunity which was now afforded him, and revenged himself upon the prince by throwing him into prison, and charging him with accumulated crimes committed in Palestine. His place of confinement was long concealed, but the manner in which it was discovered has invested with a kind of romantic interest these ancient edifices, for which you entertain such partiality.

"It is but natural to suppose that Richard, so

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great a lover of excitement, should be fond of music. He accordingly not only encouraged what was then called the '*gay science*,' but often practised the arts of song and music himself. Blondel, a favorite minstrel of his, and attendant on his person, devoted himself to discover the place of his confinement. He wandered in vain from castle to palace, until he learned that a strong and almost inaccessible fortress on the Danube was watched with peculiar strictness, as containing some state prisoner of distinction. The minstrel took his harp, and approaching as near the castle as he dared, came so close to the walls as to hear the melancholy captive soothing his solitude with music. Blondel touched his harp; the prisoner heard, and was silent: upon this the minstrel played the first part of a tune, or lay, known to the captive, who instantly answered by playing the second part; and thus the faithful servant obtained the certainty that the inmate of the castle was no other than his royal master.

"It may be supposed that the avarice of the treacherous duke would fix a high ransom upon his prisoner, when it became known that the king was in his keeping; it was not, however, too large for the loyalty of his subjects, and he was finally set at liberty by their paying the whole.

"Although the military career of Richard was more brilliant and astounding, than prudent or wise, one can not reflect without regret that such a life should at last have been cut off in a mere paltry enterprise. One of his vassals having found a treasure concealed in the earth on the land which he held as his property, Richard demanded pos-

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session of it; and on the refusal of the man to deliver it up, he flew with his accustomed impetuosity to besiege the castle of his vassal, which was but an inconsiderable place. He soon reduced it to extremity, but an archer on the walls took aim at the king, and mortally wounded him. The castle was surrendered before he died of his wound; and Richard commanding the marksman to be brought before him, demanded why he had aimed so particularly at his life. To which the archer replied, "You slew my father and my brother, and you were seeking my own life; had I not reason to prevent you if I could, by taking yours?"

"The dying king acknowledged that he had reason for his conduct: and, forgiving his offence against his person, generously commanded him to be dismissed unharmed. The injunctions of the dying monarch, however, had little power to influence those around him, for the captain of one of his bands of mercenaries put the man to death by the most cruel tortures.

"You find now," said Mrs. Morton to her daughter, "that even this gallant king had more in reality to dread from one of the most insignificant of his own castles, than from the strongholds of a foreign enemy."

"But for women at least," said Bertha, "these castles must have afforded the protection they so much needed in such dangerous and unsettled times. I never wished to be a warrior to stand and face the shot of barbarous marksmen, but a lady living in safety in the great halls of which we read, with knights and vassals all around me."

"And yet the ladies of those times," said Mrs.

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Morton, " were not exempt from their share in the danger and the discord which prevailed throughout the land. Many a noble chieftain's daughter took her post in the midnight-watch on the walls of her father's castle, while the weary guards sunk down to rest for a brief space of necessary repose."

" What!" exclaimed Bertha, " were young and delicate women compelled to take part in these hostilities ?"

" Often," replied her mother, " especially during the time when the wars in Palestine swept away so many of our noblest warriors, and left so many of their hereditary possessions exposed to assault and ruin. It was also the custom of these knights or chieftains, whose own course of life became too perilous for the females of his family, to commit them to the security of some fortified castle, while he himself pursued his dangerous or doubtful career. Thus we find, that so long as the noble Bruce could defend himself among the Highlands of Scotland, his wife the queen, and many ladies of her train, cheerfully followed him to these mountain-wilds, where they subsisted entirely upon such food as their companions in peril were able to procure them by their dexterity in fishing and in killing deer. But as the winter approached, and the situation of the king became more hopeless, he placed his wife and sister in his castle of Kildrummie, the only one he then retained in his possession. Here too he placed, as he hoped, in security, his only son Nigel Bruce, a brave and beautiful youth, the hope and the joy of his father's heart. Bruce himself escaped with his brother toward a small island on the coast of Iceland, but it was not

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long before he received the melancholy intelligence that the castle of Kildrummie had been surrendered to his enemies; not subdued by force of arms, but cruelly surrendered in consequence of the treachery of one of its inmates, who threw the whole into flames by setting fire to a store of gunpowder. Nigel Bruce, you may remember, was brutally murdered by the victors, while his female relatives were thrown into strict confinement, and treated with the utmost severity."

"It was enough to make the very women fierce, and bold, and revengeful, to witness such barbarities," said Bertha.

"And unquestionably it had this effect," replied her mother, "for we read of many who practised cruelties, at least equal to those they beheld. Among the females who distinguished themselves in those times, by far the greater number were women who had little idea of the sensibilities which ought to belong to their sex: that Countess of March, for instance, of whom you have read in Scottish history, and who obtained the not unfitting title of Black Agnes, by which she is still remembered, as well as for her determined defence of the castle of Dunbar, in the cause of David Bruce. It was besieged by the Earl of Salisbury, who employed to destroy it great military engines, constructed so as to throw huge stones, for it was before the use of cannon. Yet such was the contempt of the high-spirited countess for these fruitless attempts, that she stood with her maids upon the walls of the castle, displaying napkins in their hands, with which they wiped the places where the huge stones fell, in

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order to show the enemy that they regarded them only as raising a little dust, which could easily be wiped away. The Earl of Salisbury then contrived another ponderous machine, which should be rolled up to the walls, so constructed as to contain and cover a number of men to be employed in making an entrance through the wall. The countess, not a whit dismayed, amused herself with making rhymes upon this machine, while at the same time she made a signal by which a huge fragment of rock, prepared for the purpose, was dropped from the wall upon the machine, whose roof was thus dashed to pieces.

"In this manner did Black Agnes defend her castle for the space of nineteen weeks, when it was at last relieved by Alexander Ramsay, who brought by sea a supply both of men and provisions.

"But of all the heroines whose courage and determination history has recorded, Jane de Montford is entitled to stand in the first rank. This lady was the wife of an Earl de Montford, whose title to the dukedom of Bretagne was disputed by the French king, and supported at the same time by Edward III. of England, to whom he looked for succor in making good his defence. The earl, however, having incautiously obeyed a summons to appear before the parliament of Paris, was there detained on the plea of having committed a feudal offence, by appealing to the king of England, and in the meantime a strong force was sent against his party, which was supposed to be subdued by his being detained a prisoner. In most cases, the war under such circumstances would have been at

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an end; but the Countess Jane de Montford, of whom Froissart says, that 'she had the courage of a man and the heart of a lion,' scorned to yield to the natural grief with which she heard that her lord was taken, and assembling her friends, presented to them her young son as successor to his father's rights; adding, that by the grace of God she trusted he would be the means of restoring the earl to his family and friends. She then entered into plans for carrying on the war, engaged to pay the soldiers regularly, and inspired her party with a spirit of resistance, which, with most women, would have expired under the misfortunes she had already sustained.

"The city of Rennes, however, it was impossible to retain; but the countess, by no means disheartened, threw herself into Henebdon, a strong town of Bretagne, situated on the seashore, where she was accompanied by the most faithful of her partisans; and where she prepared for a desperate defence. She herself wore armor, and rode through the streets on a high-mettled charger, exhorting the citizens to resistance. Nor were her female attendants exempted from martial labor, for she made them cut short their gowns, in order that they might be more active and useful in carrying stones and other missiles to the walls. The French having attempted to take the town by a general assault on one side, the countess issued forth on the other, and set fire to their camp while they were thus engaged. On this, and many other occasions, she did great damage to the besiegers, but her own town, her strong walls, and her bold adherents, suffered also in their turn; so much so,

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that at different times consultations were held upon the expediency of surrendering the town altogether. To none of these suggestions would the countess lend an ear. But, alarmed at last for the defection of her followers, she piteously implored them to hold out, if it were but for the space of three days, in which time she confidently expected to receive succors from England. Notwithstanding this, on the second day, her lords again met in council, and again began to adjust the terms of capitulation; while the besiegers approached the walls with a strong party, to be in readiness to take the place.

"It was a critical moment for the countess, who, in a state bordering on distraction, cast an almost hopeless glance over the sea, from a high window of her castle; when, what was her delight, to behold the horizon darkened with the masts of a large navy steering toward Henebdon. 'The red cross! the red cross! The succors of England are in sight!' exclaimed the countess. And true it was, that the gallant Sir Walter Manny, with other forces, had come to her deliverance.

"After a battle bravely fought, in which the English were victorious, we are told that the countess received them within the gates of her castle, and 'kissed her noble defenders twice or thrice as became a valiant lady.' The troubles of Jane de Montfort, however, were not to end here. A stronger force was subsequently collected, and sent against her. But again she defended herself, and scorned to yield. Don Louis of Spain, who was one of the besieging party, raised up against the walls of Henebdon sixteen engines of the largest size, with which immense stones were



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cast, which threatened to destroy the walls and towers of the town. The party within, however, strengthened their defence with a great number of wool-packs, which broke the force of the stones, while the undaunted countess still continued to encourage her auxiliaries by every means in her power. In this attack, as in that already related, Jane de Montfort and her allies proved successful; and the besiegers, at last wearied out, and seeing no hopes of a surrender, raised the siege, and withdrew their forces, after establishing a truce, which was to last for twelve months.

"The heroic countess, in the winter of this year, made a visit to England, where she kept her Christmas in high state, receiving such tokens of respect as a character like hers, according to the idea of greatness which prevailed at that time, was so richly entitled to expect. On her return to her own country she was attacked by the French fleet under the command of the same Don Louis of Spain, who, from his defeat at Henebdon, and certain insults directed against him personally by her people, might well be supposed to entertain no very friendly feeling toward his former enemy. On sea, however, as well as on land, the countess evinced the same unconquerable spirit. It is said that she kept the deck of her vessel with a drawn sword in her hand, like the knights and men-at-arms. The engagement was very fierce between the celebrated crossbow-men of Genoa and the still more celebrated English archers; but the fleets were parted by a storm, without any decided victory on either side.

"And now, my child," said Mrs. Morton, "I

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wish to know whether this is the kind of heroine you desire to be; and whether you would like to defend your castle like Jane de Montfort?"

"Ah! mother," replied Bertha, "I am afraid I should make a poor defence when the enemy really came. But you have chosen such dreadfully barbarous times for your castle scenes. Can you not remember some which occurred in later years, when the world was more civilized? I think I should choose to have been a heroine about half way between those times and our own, when people were neither so wild and wicked as you describe them, nor so dull, and vulgar, and uninteresting, as they are now."

"Let us take, then," said Mrs. Morton, "what are called the 'golden days' of our own Queen Elizabeth, and you will find in her times one whom all will allow to have been the most interesting, as she was the most unfortunate of heroines. Yet I much question whether, after a fair investigation, you would think it pleasant to have exchanged places with the beautiful Mary Queen of Scots."

"I believe I should," said Bertha; "for a princess so lovely, and so much beloved—possessed of so many accomplishments—so many amiable qualities—and, what is more, of so many friends, must have been an object of envy to all the world."

"The envy of the world," replied Mrs. Morton, "like its flattery and its fame, is often ill bestowed; yet so far as a woman and a queen might lawfully enjoy the possession of exalted rank, of personal attractions, and of the power to win the affection of her subjects, Mary of Scotland was certainly, at the commencement of her reign, an

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enviable woman. But we must not forget that these advantages can only be accounted blessings, as they are justly estimated, and rightly used. We must remember, also, that Mary was not only called to act the part of a woman, but to fulfil the more conspicuous and responsible duties of a queen, for which she was but little fitted.

"Historians have amused themselves by contrasting her character with that of Elizabeth of England—sometimes to the advantage of one, and sometimes of the other. It seems to me, that the only point of resemblance between them was their vanity. But Elizabeth's was the vanity of selfishness; while Mary's was the vanity of a warm and generous heart—less ambitious to be admired than beloved. The besetting sin of both was a partiality for unworthy favorites. But while Elizabeth loved unworthily as a woman, she took good care to keep her dignity as a queen unsullied. Mary, on the other hand, reckless of dignity and fame, cast both away for the sake of gratifying an ill-placed attachment.

"It can not be denied, that Elizabeth was a better sovereign—perhaps one of the best who ever filled a throne; but as a mere woman, filling the domestic offices of private life, we shrink from contemplating such a character as hers. Mary was a miserable sovereign, altogether unfit for the task of governing a nation divided like hers; but with an education that would have fitted her for private life, it is easy to believe she would have been one of the most amiable and estimable of women. Circumstanced as she was, everything appeared to be against her. The education she

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had received at the French court, was ill calculated to fit her for tranquillizing the boisterous spirits that destroyed the peace of her own realm, by their rude and often murderous contentions. Though possessed of the power of pleasing, by her manners and conversation, above all the women of her age, the vindictive spirits and coarse habits of the people with whom she came in contact, naturally induced her to form dangerous intimacies with persons of inferior rank, whose manners and habits were more suited to a court.

"Beside possessing all those qualities and attainments most esteemed in women, Mary appears to have been also gifted with a courage beyond that of her sex; and we find that one of her first exploits, after ascendiug the throne, was to head an army for the purpose of subduing the rebellious pride of one of her nobles. Little, however, did the youthful queen at that time imagine the need she would afterward have of this courage, and how much more the virtues of magnanimity and self-possession would be required of her, than those softer ornaments of character with which she was but too abundantly supplied.

"The murder of Rizzio in her own chamber—at her feet—with his dying grasp upon her robe, must have prepared her, in some measure, for the scenes of violence and bloodshed to which she was afterward to become inured."

"But mother," interrupted Bertha, "you surely do not suppose that Mary was accessary to the murder of her husband?"

"That is a crime," replied Mrs. Morton, "of which her historians have been unable either to



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prove her guilty, or to acquit her entirely, at least with satisfaction, even to her advocates and admirers. It is, however, from such evidence as we do possess, quite allowable to believe her guiltless of so horrid a crime. But what can be said of the woman who not only screened the actual murderer from justice, but even linked her name and character with his, by the indissoluble bond of marriage!

"No, my child, if we would stand guiltless before God and man, we must not associate ourselves with evil-doers; and this principle holds good, in the slightest transgressions, as well as in the deadliest sins. The world will judge of us, and we must be satisfied to be judged, according to the character of those with whom we associate ourselves in affection and intimacy. We have, I think, no more striking proof of this, than in the case of Mary Queen of Scots. She seems to have been no longer the same being after her marriage with Bothwell. Her warmest friends were unable to defend her. Her enemies grew triumphant; and the very man for whom she had thrown away her character and her crown, despised her. She found him, as she might have expected, a profligate and a ruffian; and perhaps the bitterest tears she ever shed, though she had cause to shed many, were those which stained her cheeks when she prayed for a knife, with which to put an end to her miserable existence, rather than endure his cruel treatment.

"We read of her in the short morning of her prosperity, riding gayly over the hills and valleys of her native country, surrounded by her courtiers and attendants, each vying with another in obtain-

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ing marks of her favor; her free and joyous spirit unbroken by affliction, her beauty dazzling the eyes of all beholders, and her smile bewildering the hearts of men. But after her shameful marriage with Bothwell, we read of the same princess taken captive by her indignant nobles, and led, as it were in triumph, through the streets of Edinburgh, while the coarsest and most insulting behavior was used toward her by the lower classes of her people.

"On this occasion there was a frightful banner prepared, displaying on one side the portrait of the murdered Darnley, as he lay in the orchard where his body was found, with these words embroidered on the banner—'Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord!' while on the other side, the little prince, his son, was represented holding up his hands, as if beseeching Heaven to punish his father's murderers. The queen herself rode through the streets covered with dust, her beautiful hair floating loose, her garments disordered; and, though she appeared overpowered with the mingled feelings of grief and shame, this horrid flag was still displayed before her eyes, while the voices of the rude multitude still continued to upbraid her with having been the accomplice in the murder of her husband.

"It was almost immediately after this most lamentable change in her affairs, that the unfortunate queen was conveyed as a prisoner to the castle of Lock Leven.

"You may probably remember that this castle stands upon an island in a lake of the same name, and that it was one of the four which held out in the name of David Bruce, and refused to submit to

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Edward Baliol. The attempt made on this occasion to obtain possession of it, is rendered memorable by the peculiar manner in which it was carried on. It was besieged by Sir John Sterling, a follower of Baliol, with an army of English troops; but the castle being surrounded by water, it was deemed impossible to approach it in the usual manner. A singular plan was therefore devised by the besiegers. There is a small river called the Leven, which runs out of the eastern extremity of the lake, and across this stream they reared a strong and very lofty mound, so as to prevent the waters of the river escaping from the lake, expecting that by this means the lake would rise, and by overflowing the foundations of the castle, would induce its occupants to surrender. But Alan Vipont, who defended the place, being made acquainted with this device, sent out at dead of night a small boat with four men, who made a breach in the mound, so that the whole body of water, breaking through with great fury, swept away the tents, baggage, and troops of the besiegers, and nearly destroyed their army.

"The remains of this mound are still shown; and whatever doubt may attach to the story, it is certain that the English discontinued the siege, and retreated with great loss.

"In this lonely and desolate place then, the young and lovely queen of Scotland was imprisoned; while councils were held to consider the expediency of proceeding against her as one guilty of murder. The lords of the council, however, at last decided upon adopting a milder course, by compelling her to resign her crown to her infant

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son, and to appoint the Earl of Murray regent during his minority. Lord Lindsay, the rudest and most bigoted of all the council, and the fiercest enemy of the queen, was deputed to bear to the castle of Loch Leven the deeds drawn up for this purpose; and it was perfectly in keeping with his character, to require the queen to sign them in a manner so harsh and brutal, that he is even said to have used the grasp of his iron glove, in addition to arguments less forcible, though more fitting to a gentle and unfortunate woman.

"To whom, in this extremity, could Mary look for help or pity? All seemed to have forsaken her. She bethought her of her brother, the Earl of Murray. She had loaded him with favors, and pardoned him many offences. She herself might be deeply culpable, yet of all human beings she seemed to have the greatest right to expect mercy from him. But the earl was an ambitious man, and the prospect of promotion to the regency was too tempting to his hopes. It is true he visited her in Loch Leven Castle, but so far from bringing her comfort, he reproached her so bitterly with all her past errors, that she is said to have burst into floods of tears, and abandoned herself to despair.

"The unfortunate queen had now no other resource than to endeavor to win over to her interest those immediately around her person; and such were the charms she possessed of manners and conversation, that this resource had seldom altogether failed her in the hour of need. On the present occasion, however, she had to do with a stern and inflexible master in the lord of the castle of Loch Leven, who, with rigid severity, in-

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flicted upon her all the rigors of the strictest confinement. But there was one in the castle, a younger brother of this baron, who became too sensible of the attractions of the queen; and, touched with compassion for her distress, he determined, if possible, to effect her deliverance.

"The first attempt made by George Douglas to effect this purpose, had so far succeeded, that the queen had actually entered a boat in the disguise of a laundress; but on one of the boatman rudely attempting to lift her veil, she displayed, while repelling his familiarity, so white and beautiful an arm, that her superior rank was immediately detected, and she was sent back to be more strictly confined in the castle, from which George Douglas was expelled.

"He still contrived, however, to keep up a correspondence with his younger brother, a boy of fifteen, called Little Douglas, who remained in the castle. So effectually did this youth sustain the trust reposed in him, that he managed to take possession of the keys of the castle while the family were at supper, by which means he was able to let Mary and her attendants escape from the tower when all had gone to rest. He then locked the gates in order to escape pursuit, and, placing the queen and her waiting-woman in a little skiff, threw the keys into the lake, and rowed them safely to the shore. When they were all ready to set out on this perilous passage, Little Douglas had made a signal by a light in a particular window, visible at the upper end of the lake, to intimate that thus far he had been successful; and it may be supposed with what joy the whole party

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would bid adieu to the dark walls of that prison, as they hoped, for ever.

"Lord Seaton, and some of the Hamiltons, were waiting at the landing place to receive them, and the queen presently mounted a swift horse that was in readiness for her, and galloped off to Niddry Castle, in West Lothian, from which place she went, on the following day, to Hamilton.

"The news of their escape seemed to awake in the hearts of Mary's subjects the last spark of their expiring loyalty. Her people now remembered her gentleness, the sweetness of her manners, her grace and beauty; and though they could not but remember her errors too, yet her subsequent misfortunes seemed to have in some measure atoned for the past, while her youth still afforded hope for the future. But five days had passed since Mary was a joyless captive in a lonely tower, and now her changing fortunes placed her at the head of a powerful confederacy, including nine earls, nine bishops, eighteen lords, and many gentlemen of rank, all engaged to defend her person and restore her crown.

"It was the intention of the queen to seek refuge in the strong castle of Dumbarton; and her army, under the Earl of Argyle, proposed to carry her to that place of security in a style of triumph. The regent was then at Glasgow with forces inferior to her own; but with confidence in his own military skill, as well as in the valor of the leaders of his party, and in their experienced soldiers, he determined to meet the queen's army in their intended march, and to give them battle. Murray accordingly occupied the village of Langside, full in the

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march of the queen's army. The Hamiltons and other gentlemen of Mary's troop rushed furiously forth with imprudent valor, to dispute the pass.

"They fought, historians say, like furious bulls, after the Scottish manner, pressing on each other front to front, each fixing his spear in his opponent's target, and endeavoring to bear him down. Such was the determination with which they met, that the front ranks became fast locked together by their spears, which thus formed a sort of grating, on which lay pistols, daggers, and other missiles. In this situation Morton led on his forces to attack the flank of the Hamiltons, and by this means decided the fate of the battle, and extinguished the last hope of Mary and her friends.

"It is said that she herself beheld this final and fatal defeat, from a castle called Crookstane, near Paisley, where she and Darnley had spent some happy days immediately after their marriage; and the feelings with which she now looked on the bloody field, and on the scenes of her innocent and early hopes, must have been bitter in the extreme.

"If we would trace out in the experience of mankind moments of the deepest anguish of which the human heart is capable, I am inclined to think they would be those in which we look back from some well-known spot, to days of happiness and innocence which those scenes recall, but which we feel that we can never know again. It was not the mere loss of her crown that Mary had to regret; for she had proved that hers, at least, was a crown of thorns. It was not the loss of friends; for with a few faithful ones, Mary had found many false—but it was the loss of her good name, of her

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title to rank and associate with characters of spotless reputation; and it is probable, that in that hour of wretchedness, there would rush upon her soul a full conviction of the nothingness—the worse than nothingness—for which she had exchanged the affection of her people, and the favor of her God.

"It was soon evident to the wretched queen, that she had no resource but in flight; and, escorted by a few faithful followers, she rode sixty miles in one day, stopping only at the abbey of Dundrennan, in Galloway. Here she had the means of escaping either to France or England; but though in France she was sure to have received a welcome, England was nearer, and it seems to have been more consonant with Mary's generous and confiding nature to throw herself at once upon the kind and honorable feelings of a sister-queen.

"Scarcely could Mary have given a stronger proof of the generous and confiding nature of her disposition, than by the line of conduct she adopted on this occasion. Those who are treacherous and mean themselves, always suspect treachery and meanness in others. We have no proof of what Elizabeth would have done in any similar case of emergency; but it is scarcely probable she would have trusted her person to the mercy of any human being, so much was she in the habit of suspecting even those on whom she bestowed the marks of her greatest favor; but Mary, imprudent, reckless, guilty as she was, still possessed a degree of feminine trust and noble daring, which, under happier circumstances, might have rendered her far superior as a woman to the queen of England. Un-



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conscious of any feeling of rivalry herself, she was not aware that reports of her beauty, and her other personal fascinations, carried to the court of Queen Elizabeth, had rendered her an object of secret hatred to that sovereign; and, therefore, trusting to the smooth and flattering words she had received from Elizabeth, she decided at once to incur the risk of throwing herself upon the hospitality of England.

"How true are the words of Scripture, that 'Jealousy is cruel as the grave!' Elizabeth had been jealous of Mary's beauty—of her happiness in being the mother of a son who should succeed her on the throne—and of the affection and admiration she commanded—but, above all, of the claim she maintained to the sovereignty of England, in case of Elizabeth's death. All these feelings were rankling in the heart to whose kindness and integrity Mary was about to commit herself, for life or for death. It is probable that others knew better than she did herself the real state of Elizabeth's mind toward her; for it appears to have been in opposition to the advice of all her friends that she made this fatal experiment. It is related that when, after having delivered herself up to a gentleman of the name of Lowther, the English deputy-warden, she entered the boat that was to convey her across the Solway Frith, her weeping attendants kneeled before her, took hold of her garments, and entreated her not to trust herself to the power of England.

"It was, indeed, a fatal step to Mary, when she set her foot upon this boat. Her situation from this time resembled that of some helpless bird,

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drawn closer and closer by the toils of its betrayer, while every struggle only renders its bonds more galling, its captivity more severe.

"The issue of the trial to which Mary was subjected was such that Elizabeth, in regard to her justice as a queen, could not but acknowledge that the charge of murder laid against Mary was not supported by sufficient evidence; still, as a woman, there were feelings which obtained the mastery over her better judgment, and the temptation of retaining her rival in her power, was too great for her integrity. Thus the unfortunate Queen of Scots was conducted from one place of security to another, each time on some trivial plea, until, at last, she became a helpless captive, and her doom was finally sealed, by the discovery of a succession of conspiracies, in which it was pretended that she had taken part, though no ground was ever established for this suspicion. It seems probable, indeed, that the length of Mary's captivity, with the consequent failure of her health, added to the many other trials to which she was subjected, had subdued her once haughty spirit, and disposed her mind to the influence of religion; for the manner in which she received her last sentence, and her whole conduct during the last scenes of her wretched life, are more like those of a martyr than of a woman still aspiring to a temporal crown.

"Mary received the intelligence of her condemnation with resignation, but yet with undaunted firmness. 'That soul,' she said, 'was undeserving of the joys of heaven, which would shrink from the blow of an executioner!' She had not, she said,

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'expected that her kinswoman, Elizabeth, would have consented to her death, but she submitted not the less willingly.' After earnestly requesting the attendance of a priest—this favor, which was granted to the worst criminals, being denied her—she wrote with the utmost composure her last will, as well as many short and affectionate letters to her friends and relations. She then distributed among her attendants the few valuables which had been left to her, accompanying this solemn duty with a request that they would keep them for her sake.

"In this manner was spent the evening before the day appointed for her execution; and when the morning rose, Mary was found still to maintain the same calm and undisturbed appearance. She was brought down to the great hall of the castle where she was confined, and the spectacle which met her view was a scaffold, on which were placed a block and a chair; the whole being covered with a black cloth. The master of her household, Sir Andrew Melville, who had served her long and faithfully, was now permitted to take a last leave of her; which, however, he was unable to do without bursting into loud and bitter lamentations.

"'Weep not, my good Melville,' said the queen, 'but rather rejoice; for thou shalt this day see Mary Stewart relieved from all her sorrows.'

"It was with great difficulty she had obtained permission for her maids to be with her on the scaffold; but on her engaging for them that the expression of their grief should be restrained, this indulgence was granted her; and she then seated

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herself on the fatal chair, and listened calmly to the reading of her death-warrant.

"When she prepared for her execution, by taking off such parts of her dress as were necessary, her maids being unable to refrain from cries of lamentation, she gently chid them, by reminding them that she had engaged for their silence. At last, with the same composure she quietly laid her head on the block, and the executioner struck the fatal blow. He afterward held up the severed head, according to the custom of the times, while the Dean of Peterborough cried out—'So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!'—but there was no answer, save from one single voice; all the rest were choked with sobs and tears."



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# LITTLE ARTHUR;

## OR, THE UNWILLING PHILOSOPHER.

LITTLE ARTHUR was passionately fond of flowers, and not of flowers only, but of everything beautiful, of which his inexperienced eye could discover the charm. His ideas of beauty, however, were entirely confined to variety, splendor, and loveliness, either separately or combined; and as there was much that was splendid in some favorite flowers, and much that was lovely in others, the variety he constantly met with in the flower-garden was perfectly enchanting to his young fancy. He used to run wild among the flower-beds, gathering up whole handfuls, from first one pretty group, and then another, and never stopping, nor growing less eager to secure all he could, until his frock was so full it could hold no more, when he would put on a more sober aspect, and come back to his mother, with the often-disappointed hope that she would admire his flowers as much as he did, and not pull them in pieces, and tell their hard names, and ask him if he remembered what she had said about their nature and properties the day before.

To tell the truth of little Arthur, he did not wish to remember what his mother told him about plants in general, for he did not care for any except those which bore pretty flowers, or had deli-

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cate tendrils, or bright glossy leaves; and he thought it was a great deal happier to sit down upon a sunny bank, and put all that he could gather into one great bunch, and hold them in his little warm hand, than to hear long histories about the orders to which they belonged, the countries where they grew spontaneously, and the services they rendered to man. It is true he did listen a little while one day, when his mother told him that the myrtle, the hawthorn, and the rose, belonged to one class, for they formed three very agreeable associations in his mind—the sweet myrtle, which the gardener had taken such pains to rear on the south side of the wall, the beautiful may that scented all the lanes, and his own favorite rose. They were, even in his fastidious little mind, most fit companions, and he began to think he should not have so much objection to study botany, if all the truths it contained were as pleasant and appropriate as this.

He had been thinking his own thoughts for a long time, while his mother went on telling him what he had much better have been trying to remember, when his delicate taste was so much offended by hearing her say that the snowdrop and the onion were of the same class, that he would not listen a moment longer, but ran away to the farther end of the garden, where he was soon lost behind a bed of roses.

The lectures he heard every day, were becoming to the unwilling philosopher quite a serious evil, but still he loved his mother too well, not to wish her to share in all his enjoyments; and thus, when he found a flower more beautiful than com-

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mon, he was very apt to forget himself, and to run with it directly to his patient and persevering instructress, who never failed to point out something that might, if he would have allowed it, have led his young mind from the contemplation of mere beauty, to the Creator of all that is lovely or admirable in the universe.

"You see," said his mother, "how perfectly beautiful is this rose, the delicate pink of its petals growing fainter and fainter toward the edges, and deeply dyed in other parts with richer hues of crimson. But do you not see in this fragrant flower another kind of beauty, as well as that of color?"

"Oh! yes; I see it is a pretty shape, as well as color. Almost the shape of my ball, only for those nice leaves which you call . . . something like *metals*, that fold downward."

"But do you not see that if all the petals of the rose had been dark-red at the edges, shaded off to light, it would have had the effect to us, when looking down upon it, of being entirely of one dark color, which would have destroyed much of its loveliness? And do you not see that if these pink petals had been scattered here and there about the stem, instead of being gathered into a group, that would also have destroyed much of its beauty?"

"Yes, I see that very clearly."

"There is a beauty in arrangement then, as well as in form and color!"

"I suppose there must be. For, when I bring in a handful of flowers, and put them in water, though I get ever so many, and keep putting in more and more, I never think they look *quite* so

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pretty as the nosegays you make up for the drawing-room; though there may be just the same kind of flowers, the colors do not look so bright."

"I will tell you the reason. Mine have a great deal of green among them, as you see they have in nature; and I take pains also to place a dark flower beside a light one, and so to arrange the colors, that they may contrast well, and set each other off. This, then, is what I mean by the beauty of order; and if I, in my humble way, can produce anything of the kind, to what new regions of delight would you be introduced, by a more scientific study of that creation, whose very foundation is laid in order!"

Little Arthur felt very sorry that his mother, after talking so nicely about the leaves of the rose being turned upside-down, and scattered about the stem, should go off again, in her favorite way, as if on purpose to remind him of his idleness and neglect of study; but he thought he might just ask, if she really thought there was any light connected with science!

"I know," she replied, "there is a great deal to those who have minds that thirst after knowledge as well as pleasure; and sorry indeed should I be, if I was sure of what I sometimes suspect, that you will never have energy of character enough to do what is not pleasant to you at the moment, for the sake of the pleasure it will afford you in after-life. You see the flowers in this garden withering and dying every day, yet if I do but fold down the petals of one of yours, more especially if I break off a bud, you make faces as if you were really hurt, and seem to have no patience to hear what I say to you."

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"Because I really do not see the good of pulling my flowers in pieces, and calling the pieces names."

"We will try then, in future, to do without the names," said his mother, "if you will promise to listen to me more attentively." And unquestionably this was a wise resolution, for how many a young student has been driven back from the portals of science, and especially from that of botany, by its "ponderous nomenclature," heaping a burden of dry words upon his youthful memory, when a tenth part of the same number of ideas, would have refreshed his mind, invigorated his powers of thought, and led him on with fresh eagerness and delight.

Little Arthur now began to think his life was going to be one perpetual holyday, for the hard names had not been mentioned since the conversation last described. He, therefore, walked more frequently beside his mother, because he had nothing to fear; and one day, as he sauntered by her side, with a dandelion in his hand, puffing off its winged seeds, his mother asked him if he knew what he was doing?

"Counting how many puffs it takes to blow this all away," said he, not at all alarmed about a lecture on botany being the result of his answer.

"You are sowing seeds," said his mother; "do you not observe that these are all seeds, and so constructed that the winds may take them and scatter them abroad? You are, therefore, helping the winds to perform part of the service for which they have been designed."

Arthur half suspected that his mother was laugh-

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ing at him; but still he smiled with a kind of self-complacency, to which he had not been wholly a stranger on former occasions.

"I only wish," said he, "that I had blown some larger seed, the seed of a great pumpion, or, what would have been still better, the seed of an oak."

"But, my dear boy, if you, or even if the winds, could blow about the seeds of pumpions and oaks in this manner, our meadows and gardens would soon be thrown into disorder, and we should have to fell trees, instead of mowing tender herbs."

"Still, I think it would be very grand and beautiful, to have oaks growing as thickly as dandelions —almost."

"You may well say *almost*, for where then would be all the family of grasses?"

"I don't care much about grasses, as you call them, only when they are newly mown, and look a beautiful bright green."

"But if you do not care for grasses as a picture, you surely care for the food they supply, and the service they render to men and cattle? You forget that your pony would die of hunger, if he had no grass, and that your breakfast of new milk would have to be given up for one of water."

"Oh no! there would be corn, you know."

"How often have I told you that corn was of the valuable and useful family of grasses! But I suppose I must not talk in this strain, or you will run away from me again. Suppose, then, you planted oaks as thickly as dandelions, and they grew up to the full stature of those noble trees, where would be our waving meadows and rich cornfields, which, to say nothing of their indispen-

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sable utility, form so beautiful a variety in our landscape scenery? Where would be our sunny gardens and fruitful orchards, beneath your dense forest of perpetual gloom? No, my dear boy, it is our happiness that neither you nor any other human being has the regulation of these things; but that they are ordered for us by a Power who knows, and mercifully considers, all the necessities of the creatures he has formed. Beautifully adapted as every part of this wonderful creation is, the dense forests you so much wish for, prevail chiefly in Brazil, and in other countries where a shelter is needed from the scorching rays of the sun. There also, we find the majestic banian tree, with its many trunks, like pillared isles, forming dark vistas, and cool refreshing walks, where the weary traveller may rest his burning feet. In the northern region of the globe, where the rays of the sun are regarded as a luxury, the earth is less clothed with vegetation, less shaded by majestic trees, and those which do prevail are chiefly such as produce small and spiral leaves, as the pine, under its different aspects; while on almost every island, rock, and sand-bank, in the tropics, the feathery palm, in all its beautiful varieties, is seen to wave its broad and pendent leaves."

"And do you really think," said Arthur, "that these were *intended* to be so?"

"Unquestionably, my child."

"And will science help me to understand more of what has been intended for the same good purposes?"

"It will not, perhaps, enable you to *understand*, so much as it will assist you to believe, that these

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is an order and a plan in the creation, which can only have resulted from a mind infinitely superior to your own. Think for one moment of the situation of the Greenlander. Did the fruits of the earth spring up spontaneously for his use, and had he no stimulus for exerting himself, he would, in that cold climate, and constituted as he is, scarcely be able to drag on his existence at all. Surrounded by plenty, he would want the energy, and even the bodily power, to turn it to account. Around his dreary abode, however, no fruitful garden smiles; yet still he is not left destitute, or unprovided for. The seal is to him, what the bread-fruit tree is to the Tahitian, or corn to the inhabitant of Europe; and the exertion required in procuring it, supplies him with the exercise so necessary to the health of his bodily frame."

"You have spoken of the bread-fruit tree, mother. It appears to me, but perhaps I ought not to say so, that it would have been much better for man, if this valuable tree had grown all over the earth."

"I do not wonder at your observation, fond as you are of escaping from trouble, and avoiding labor. But let us take into account the climate of Europe—of the island in which we live. Though less severe than that of Lapland, it is still of such a temperature that we are not injured, but rendered more healthy by a moderate degree of exercise. Here, then, though our food is not found to grow spontaneously, yet such is the nature of our soil and climate, as richly to repay the husbandman for his labor. Sir Humphrey Davy, I think, mentions, that he has counted from forty to one hundred and twenty stalks, produced from one grain



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of wheat; and Dr. Rigby relates an instance of one plant, that was sown in June, being taken up in August, separated into eighteen parts, and then replanted. These plants were again taken up and divided, and planted again about the end of September, and the second division produced sixty-seven plants. About the end of March they were again taken up and divided, when they produced five hundred plants. In the autumn of that year the crop was reaped, and it was proved that, by the care and ingenuity of man, a single grain of wheat, in fifteen months, had been made to produce 21,109 ears, which measured three pecks and three quarters of corn, and was supposed to contain 570,840 grains."

"Still, after all," said Arthur, "it seems to be very hard labor, and tedious too, when we see the ploughman day after day going over nearly the same ground."

"It is indeed hard labor, when compared with that of the South Sea Islander, whose climate and constitution would not permit him to work as our laborers do. For his use, therefore, is provided the bread-fruit tree, respecting which Captain Cook has observed, that if a man plant but ten trees in his whole lifetime, which he may easily do in an hour, he will as completely fulfil his duty in the way of providing food for his own and future generations, as the natives of our less genial clime can do by ploughing in the winter's cold, and reaping in the summer's heat, for the space of ten successive years.

"You are extremely fond of pictures of the Laplander and his reindeer. Did it never occur to you

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to ask by what means this valuable animal is provided with food?"

"I suppose it eats grass," said Arthur: "no, that can not be, for there is so much snow upon the ground, that grass like ours could hardly grow."

"Here, then, again we find the beauty of adaptation, which you will perhaps learn in time to value as much as the beauty of form and color. In these frozen regions there grows, even beneath the snow, a plant called the reindeer lichen, which constitutes the food of this valuable animal. But I must not try your patience further. You are so little accustomed to listen to me when I talk to you about plants, that I must reserve other instances of the same description, such as the pitcher-plant and cow-tree, for a future lecture."

"Pitcher-plant and cow-tree!" exclaimed Arthur, perfectly enchanted with the change in his mother's nomenclature, "I am sure I should like to hear all about *them* at any time."

"After this assurance," said his mother, "I shall begin my next lesson with more confidence, as well as pleasure; but for the present let it suffice, if I ask you a few questions relative to the kind of pleasure you seem most fond of. How long do you think you could be happy to live among flowers, without knowing anything of plants except their external beauty?"

Arthur, who had begun to be very much afraid, when his mother talked of asking him questions, that the conversation was going to take a disagreeable turn, felt quite encouraged on finding that pleasure was to be the subject of her inquiries, an-

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swered very promptly, "I think I should never be tired, so long as the days were fine, and the sun was shining, and the flowers continued to bloom."

"But the bloom of the flowers, my dear child, even when accompanied by their delicious perfume, would not satisfy you entirely. As your mind became enlarged, and your thoughts more mature, you would never be able to confine them to a bed of roses, or even a bank of wild flowers. A more accurate investigation of the laws of nature, through the medium of science, would not destroy these pleasures, but admit you to a wide sphere of interest beyond; and while you learned the nature and properties of every plant, even its classification too, you might still revel in the sweets of the garden, with as much delight as ever in the verdure of the leaves, and the bloom of the flowers. You would then learn to perceive arrangement and adaptation, as well as form and color; and the admiration with which this would inspire you, would be blended with lowliness of mind, and reverential awe, in the presence of the Creator of this great and glorious world."

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## HARVEST-NIGHT.

It was at the close of a beautiful autumn day, when all the laborers on Mr. Beecham's farm had been working harder and later than usual, in order to get in the last load of wheat from the field, that Phebe Jones and her brother returned to the tree where the small remains of their dinner had been left, to gather up their gleans, and take away the basket which their faithful dog had been watching all the day.

It had been a day of excessive heat, and when David Jones stooped down for the little keg which contained his father's beer, he found to his surprise that it was not quite empty.

"I am a lucky fellow," said he to his sister; "I have found what many a poor man would be glad of to-day." And so saying, he applied his mouth to the opening, without once questioning his right to what the keg contained.

"Stop! stop!" cried Phebe, laying her hand upon his arm; "you must not drink that. Remember our poor father. He is working yet; and if you are thirsty now, what will *he* be when he comes home!"

David, however, was no longer in a state to reason, for he had tasted the wished-for draught; and extreme thirst is a feeling which renders most people both impatient and greedy. He paused



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one moment; but it was only to say, he had no doubt his father would be provided with beer enough in the field; or if not, there was his own can of milk at home, to which his father should be heartily welcome: so while Phebe continued to drag at his arm, he fairly emptied the keg, and then sat down to rest, and to reconcile himself, as well as he was able, to what he had done.

"There," said Phebe, "you naughty, greedy boy. You have done what I could not have done for a great deal. What will you say, when father comes home, and there is no beer left for him?"

And she turned away with great indignation, to carry home her gleans, feeling herself very superior to her brother, not only in her generosity, but in her powers of self-denial.

Now Phebe Jones had a long way to walk, along a hot and dusty road. She was thoroughly weary with her day's work; and she thought more than once with peculiar satisfaction, of the basin of milk which her father always allowed her and her brother for supper.

On arriving at home, she was met at the door of the cottage by her little sister, whose pouting lip, and sullen expression of countenance, indicated that something was wrong.

"What is the matter, Jenny, dear?" said Phebe, in a kind and soothing voice. "What is the matter? Have you had your supper? and where is Mary?"

Mary soon came forward. She was just old enough to be a tell-tale, and yet too young to know that tale-telling would do any harm. The truth then was all told. Jenny had climbed up to the

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shelf in the pantry, to taste the cream on Phebe's milk, when the little chair on which she stood had given way; and Jenny in her fright had pulled over the basin and spilled all the milk on the floor.

"You naughty, naughty girl!" exclaimed Phebe, changing her whole tone and manner to her little sister, and making the tears start into her bright blue eyes; "how could you be so greedy as to steal my milk? But are you sure it was mine, and not David's?"

"Oh, I am sure it was yours," exclaimed Mary; "for see, here are the pieces of the white basin; and here is David's all as it should be."

A bright thought seemed now to strike the mind of Phebe. If David had drunk his father's beer, it was fit he should be punished by losing his own supper of milk. At all events, she was too thirsty, and too hungry, to bear the idea of suffering her own loss with any degree of patience; especially as she had had no hand in it herself. So she looked at the fine white milk until the little scruple she had felt at first was fairly overcome; and sending away the children to bed, she made a hearty supper by herself, though somehow or other, it did not taste quite so sweet or so pleasant as sometimes.

In the mean while, David Jones had sat still by himself at the foot of the tree, with the empty keg in his hand; partly because the long draught of beer he had taken had made him feel idle and loath to get up, and partly because he did like to see his sister Phebe again, lest she should reproach him as harshly as she had done before.

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While seated in this manner, his patient dog at his feet, and his gleans tied in a large bundle by his side, his father came toward him from a distant part of the field, holding his hat in one hand, and wiping his forehead with the other.

The old man was too tired to speak, but walking straight up to his son, took hold of the empty keg, and raised it to his mouth.

David Jones would have given a great deal just at that moment—he would almost have given everything he had in the world, to have replenished the little cask again, but what could he do? He saw his father's straining lips, his heated brow, his weary frame, and he thought of his age, and of the length of time he had been at work that day. What could he do? His first impulse—for a wicked impulse often comes first—was to say that he had found the cask empty; but recollecting that his father had taught him before everything to regard the truth, he told his father with true compunction and self-reproach what he had done.

"Never mind," said his father kindly, for he saw that his son was really sorry; "never mind. I dare say you were very thirsty; and when we get home, I know you will let me have half your milk."

"You shall have it all," said David, with the most entire good will; and taking up his gleans, he would carry both them, and the keg, and his father's rake and sickle, all the way home.

Phebe did not as usual come out to meet them at the door. She seemed either sullen or sleepy, and moved about the house as if everything was a trouble to her. She did not ask her father what

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he would have for his supper; for she knew there was nothing but bread and water in the house, besides a well-picked bone, and a rind of cheese.

David, however, hastened to the pantry, for he believed he should now be able to make up for his past greediness; what then was his disappointment, when he saw the basin which usually held his milk quite empty.

"How is this, Phebe?" said he. "You know I drank my father's beer, and now I want to give him my milk instead; but I can not find it. What have you done with it?"

"I?" said Phebe, blushing deeply—"what have I done with it? You must ask Jenny that question."

"What!" said he, "has Jenny spilled it—spilled it all? How, then, does the basin remain whole?"

"It is a very easy thing," said Phebe, "to spill the milk without breaking the basin. Mary told me she was climbing up to the shelf, and the chair broke down with her."

David had not been prepared for this disappointment. He turned to his father, to tell him what had happened; but bursting into tears, was unable to proceed.

"Never mind," said the old man again, laying his hand kindly on his head. "I dare say Phebe will give me some of hers.

"But that is all gone, too," said David, sobbing aloud.

"Never mind!" said the old man again, "there is plenty of good bread; and you will fetch me a pitcher of fresh water from the spring."

David sprung up in an instant, and, hurrying

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out, filled his pitcher as full as if a double quantity of water could supply the want of something better.

Phebe was now obliged to place her father's supper on the table; and very sorry she felt that it was nothing better than bread and water, with a bone, and a piece of cheese which a beggar would hardly have picked up by the roadside; yet the old man sat down to the table without complaining, and even asked for a blessing on his repast, as he was always accustomed to do, even when it was ever so poor.

When David returned from the spring, he sat down and watched his father. Phebe sat down too; but they felt very differently. David had been selfish and greedy, but he had told the truth when tempted to tell a falsehood; and though truly humbled in his own esteem, and sorry for what he had done, there was nothing upon his conscience which hindered his making a good resolution, never to do the like again. His sister sat beside him; and how different were her feelings from his! She, too, had been selfish and greedy, for she had taken what was not properly her own; but she had, in addition to this, told a guilty falsehood; if not in the direct words of a falsehood, she had done what too many children deceive themselves by doing—she had allowed her brother to make a wrong guess, without setting him right: and she had done this to make herself appear better than she really was.

Now, until this fault was repented of, confessed, and all cleared up, was it possible that she should feel any right disposition never to do the same

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again? No. The surest proof of our sincerity, when we say we wish to do well, is to set about repairing, as far as possible, the evil that is past; and if we will not confess when we have deceived, it is not likely that God will give us strength to determine never to deceive again.

Thus Phebe sat in sullen silence; and when her father had finished his supper, and called his children to him, as he always did, and laid his hand upon her curling hair, and looked into her face, and was about to ask that a blessing might rest upon her for the night; she neither raised her eyes to meet the kind look of his eye, nor leaned her head upon his shoulder, but stood aloof, and turned away her head, as if she would rather have gone to bed without her father's blessing that night.

"My poor girl," said he, in his most affectionate tone, "you have worked too hard to-day. I am sorry, but I can not help it; for labor weighs heavily upon the spirits of youth. Little did your poor mother think, when she rocked you to sleep on her bosom, that you would so soon have to act the part of a mother to us all. But never mind, dear child; God's blessing is with those who do his will; and who knows but your mother sees you all the day long?—sweet and sainted spirit though she be, who knows but she still watches over you with a mother's love?"

By this time Phebe's heart was melted. "Not over me," she said in broken accents. "Oh, not over me;" and then she knelt beside her father's knees, and, looking up into his face once more, she told him all that she had done, and she told it with tears of true repentance.

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Her father did not tell her not to mind, again. He only used that expression when *he* was the one to suffer for their faults, or when he thought they had done wrong without knowing that they did so, and were sufficiently sorry for the consequences. He did not tell her not to mind now; but he talked to her a long while very kindly, and very seriously, and then he prayed for her, that she might be forgiven this sin, and preserved in the right path for the future.

It is sufficient to say, that both Phebe and David retired to rest that night, determined, that whatever they might suffer in days to come, they would neither rob their father of his needful refreshment, nor, if possible, destroy his peace of mind.

THE END.

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